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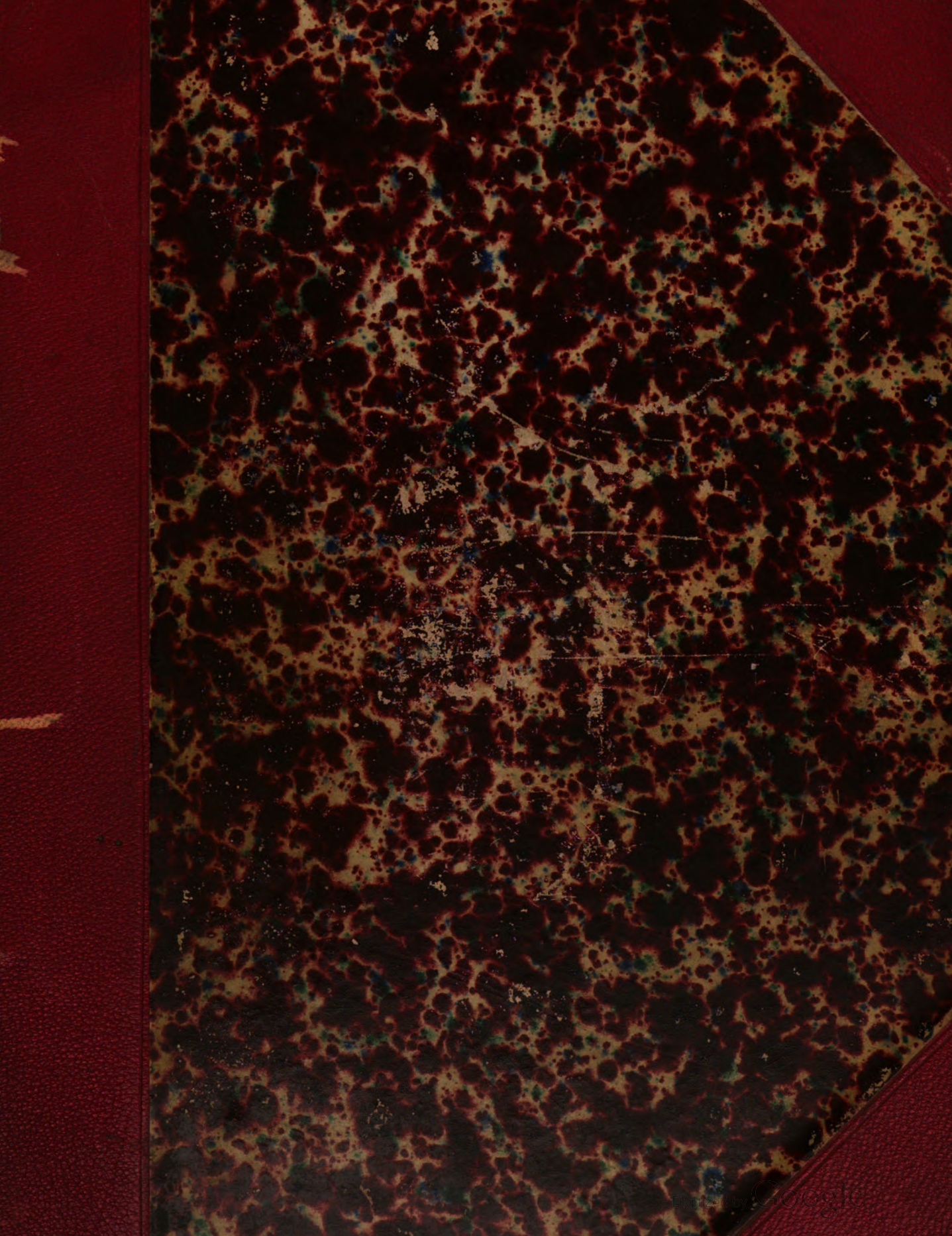
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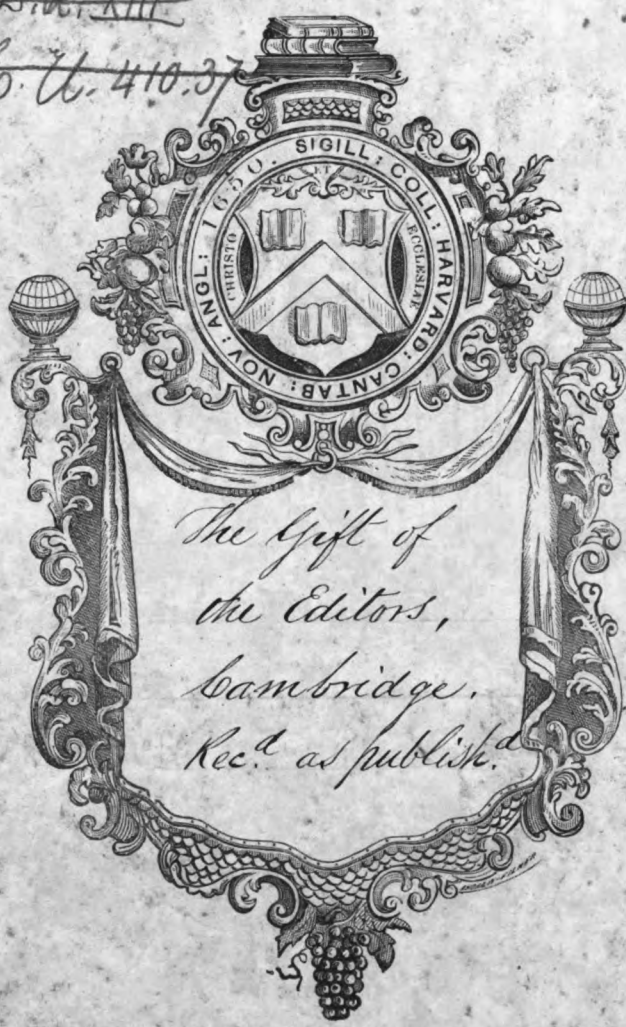
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THE

# ADVOCATE.

VOL. VII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MARCH 5, 1869.

No. I.

## THE BLACKSMITH'S PRETTY DAUGHTER.

WHY do the horses come always at noon  
To be shod at the blacksmith's shop?  
At noonday time, when the sun is still,  
When the blacksmith is forced against his will,  
To rest, and his work to stop?

Just at noon, from his house on the hill,  
A girl with a pail comes thence;  
Smiles come on her lips, on her cheeks a glow,  
As she sees the horses tied in a row,  
Along by the blacksmith's fence.

Oh, but the blacksmith's daughter is fair!  
And the horses all look at each other,  
As much as to say, "Now, isn't she sweet?  
We know why our masters say that our feet  
Are giving them so much bother."

The bell rings one; and the blacksmith cries,  
"Now, then, for work right away!"  
But most of them say that it's growing late,  
And they really think that they'd better wait,  
And come on some other day.

Oh, blacksmith's daughter, your mother, too,  
Was fair when your father sought her!  
You're going in the way that she has trod,  
You'll be a wife ere those horses are shod, —  
O blacksmith's pretty daughter!

H. E. D.

## EDITORIAL.

THE College is beginning to get comfortably settled down into the routine of the spring term. Everybody has returned; the enormous amount of handshaking inevitably attendant on the first few days is happily over; and the genial "H'war'ye," "Hadagoodtime," with which returned wanderers are accustomed to make greeting, no

longer resound in every part of the yard. As we loaf among our friends' rooms, the various fanciful trophies of the "German," and the vast number of new and startling forms of playbills and theatre-checks which greet our eyes, bear witness to the persistence and success with which the sons of Harvard have sought relaxation during vacation from the overpowering pressure of brainwork of the last term.

In the yard, the various phases of undergraduate life still show their distinguishing characteristics. There we see the grave and stately Senior, soon to shuffle off this collegiate coil; the free and easy Junior, careless of past, present, or future; the Sophomore, still lively and irrepressible, but perhaps a little less overpoweringly impressed with the dignity of his position than he appeared last term; and the mild Freshman, no longer distressingly bucolic, but still evidently a Freshman from the continual and anxious care with which he watches over his glossy beaver, not yet entirely firm upon his head, and his necessary and not always successful attempts to keep his delicate cane from getting inconveniently between his legs.

The various standard interests begin to show signs of life. The rowing weights move vigorously; and there is much conversation as to the formation of this year's "Harvard," and the probable location and time of the races. A few enthusiastic base-ball men have been seen hard at work on small spots of bare grass. Everybody is entering with frantic enthusiasm into the new pursuit of bicycular proficiency; and we of the "Advocate" are reminded by the call for "copy" of the printer that our duties also begin anew, and that now is the time to say a few words concerning the present condition and prospects of the paper.



We kindly spare our readers the customary touching tale of the untimely death of the "Collegian," and the Phœnix-like birth of the "Advocate," and plunge at once *in medias res*. With this number, the Editors from '69 retire with our hearty good wishes, and a new element is introduced into the management of the paper by the accession of our new colleagues from '71. The paper has flourished well; and, though its existence is yet unacknowledged by the Faculty, our thanks are due that body for the forbearance with which they have left unnoticed several occurrences which were justly deserving of censure. It is the aim of the Editors that nothing shall be published in the paper which can be fairly construed as flagrantly disrespectful, or liable to produce ill-feeling on any side.

Financially, our efforts have been a success; and the intentions, which we stated last year in reference to the Library, seem likely to be productive to that deserving institution of a benefit by no means to be despised.

We thank our numerous friends for the generous support they have given us, both in subscriptions and contributions; and venture to hope that, by a continuance of their kindness, the paper may be maintained in its present flourishing condition. It is, as has been often said, the aim of the Editors that the management shall be strictly impartial, and controlled by no one interest or combination, in or out of the College.

We solicit contributions from all classes, and promise that all articles shall stand entirely on their own merits, and meet with judgment as perfectly impartial as is possible for fallible human nature. It is our hope to be able to maintain the present high position of the paper among other college papers; and we shall endeavor to give as full news as possible of all occurrences connected with the College, interesting to graduates, as well as undergraduates.

With these remarks, and a hope that the assistance of our friends will continue, both in money and in brains, as cordial and generous as in time past, we introduce to our readers the first number of Volume VII.

## TRANSLATION.

It is popularly and probably truly said, that there have never been but two perfect translations; those, namely, of Enoch and of Elijah. The difficulties attending most exercises of the kind are sufficiently well known by most undergraduates.

There is an exercise in this line, however, familiarly practised in the University of New Wittenberg when I was a student there, which, I think, might be introduced here to advantage. It is the translation, in the vernacular, from fiction into fact. The advantage is, that the student is thus constantly brought back to hard pan, and learns how to prick bubbles and reduce them to their constituents. Sometimes the exercise is in the translation of rhetoric into sense. I remember they gave out Dr. Schweigenthal's celebrated sermon beginning, "The founder of our religion was proceeding to the metropolis of his country." This was the way that man said, "Jesus was going to Jerusalem."

But we preferred "Fact and Fiction," which we had in our second Semestre with dear old Hugh. Heaven bless him for the nonsense he took out of me! He has hung up his Whately and his pen; and has gone where the good professors bin.

I have some notes of his exercises in "Fiction and Fact."

"Hamlet first: you may read the text, and then translate freely."

*Hamlet I.* reads from a new novel. — "Roger slowly left his cabinet, revolving in his thoughts the unaccountable proceedings of the day; he hastily descended the stairway, paused a moment under the porch, and then waved his hand to the coachman who was driving up his carriage."

*Dear Old Hugh.* — "That will do. Translate."

*Hamlet I.* — "Higgins went out of the counting-room, wondering why the cash was short; he ran downstairs, and stopped a horse-car."

*Dear Old Hugh.* — "Very well. Next."

*Horatio II.* — "At the signal, the intelligent servant threw the gallant bays upon their haunches. By some concealed machinery the

door of the carriage was opened, although the footman did not descend; and Roger, with a weary step, mounted, and threw himself upon the cushions."

*Dear Old Hugh.* — "Very well. Translate."

*Horatio II.* — "The man put down the brake, and stopped the horses. The door of that car never would shut, so Higgins got in and sat down."

*Dear Old Hugh.* — "Right. Next."

*Guildenstern.* — "He wrapped his feet in the heavy Persian rugs, lay back upon the cushions, and watched the declining rays of the sun behind the ruins they were passing. Of a sudden he observed two footsore travellers, and calling to the footman" —

*Dear Old Hugh.* — "Enough. Translate."

*Guildenstern.* — "He stuck his feet into the straw, lay back in the corner, and watched the sun going down behind the lumber-yards. Of a sudden he saw two people who looked tired, trying to stop the car. Higgins called the conductor" —

And so forth. *Kai ta λοιπα.* The remainder of the text may be found in the "New-York Semi-Weekly," — after they have got Maggie's feet cut off. But every man has to make his own translation. There are no ponies.

Respectfully yours,

3RD CITIZEN.

## CONCERNING A RUMOR.

THE rumor has reached us that a new dormitory is soon to be built. Certainly it is needed; and yet the last experiment in the way of dormitory building was such a failure, that we can imagine a certain modest hesitation among the higher powers in attempting another.

If we have a new dormitory, it should be placed in the college yard. The unpopularity of College House, which is still always full, is a proof of what we say. The student likes to be outside of the yard if he wishes to enjoy the advantages of college rooms. It is also important that the new building should face east and west, like Stoughton and Hollis, rather than

north and south, like Grays. This can be effected by placing it between the Library and Appleton Chapel, thus making University the central feature in the yard. The out-buildings around University, which have been little used since Grays was built, could be removed; and their loss replaced by arranging the basement of the new building. Indeed, we do not see why the false back doors of University should not be converted into real ones, and steps, like those in its front, built; thus rendering our principal swarm of recitation-rooms accessible from all points.

A dormitory thus located could not fail, if properly arranged in its interior, of being excessively popular. It should have the rooms constructed on the Holworthy plan, which is the only convenient system of rooms for chums in college. While the basements should be in some respects like those of Grays, water should be furnished from an outside pump, and not drawn in subterranean recesses from some mysterious source, as in Grays Hall. The sink, which renders the entries of Grays disgusting, should be omitted from this building; and it should be warmed by steam. This has a long time been a pet theory with us. Rooms can be warmed most conveniently and economically by steam, as has been shown by the introduction of this method of warming rooms into so many of our largest public buildings. The student's fireplace is a fruitful subject for poetical effusions; but practically is a necessary nuisance in winter, and a cumbersome eyesore in summer.

We have only intended in the brief space of this article to mention a few principal points, which we consider necessary for the comfort of the students who may inhabit the coming building. If placed in the location we have indicated, its style of architecture will make no difference, as it cannot injure the effect of the Library, nor present a fine appearance so long as Gore Hall and its sprouting towers shall stand.

We think that there is a fair prospect of a new dormitory ere long. We do not doubt that the needs of the students will be considered by those who have the charge of its erection. We



trust that all proper requirements may be discussed freely in this paper, that another building like Grays may not be inflicted on the College.

### THE HISTORY OF MY THEME.

I AM a Sophomore. This assertion, as every one must know, implies many things; and, among others, to my sorrow, the necessity of writing themes. I never was a ready writer. The youthful effusions, which, I am sorry to say, my teacher never regarded in the same favorable light that I did, were the products of long hours of most intense study; and the letters home, that had to be despatched with such unfailing regularity, were the great bugbear of my school-boy days. Nor have I improved in ease of writing as I have grown older. My theme always hangs over me like a thunder-cloud, growing blacker and heavier as the five weeks advance; but, alas! in my case, I never attain the happy result of Nature, a "squirt." Judge of my horror, then, when, on one of the last days of the first term, our respected professor announced to us, with a smile that to me seemed wholly malicious, that he would give out now the subject, which we should write upon as soon as we returned, since it was, perhaps, (oh, the certainty which that "perhaps" carried to my mind!) a little difficult, and that it might be well to look it up during vacation. The subject was, "*Travelling without Reading, and Reading without Travelling.*"

Here was a knell to all my hopes of fun during the vacation: for my division was to come in first, and the theme would take up the little time that a couple of conditions left; but I resolved to make the best of it. Arrived at home, I began to think upon the subject; and, at last, towards the end of the vacation, thought that I should really be able to do myself some credit. So, one day, I sat down to copy off my rough draft, but had merely written the title with my name upon the outside, when I was called away by something, and, on my return, could not find the sheet of paper which I had commenced on. I thought it strange, but took another and copied

off my theme. This theme lay among a good many other loose papers of mine on my table, until my return to College a few days afterwards. I took it then along with me; and, as it was entirely finished, handed it in when the time came, merely glancing at the title, to make sure that there was no mistake, but without unfolding it. A day or two afterwards, I was thunderstruck by a summons which announced a "private" for gross impertinence to the Professor of Rhetoric in sending in such a theme. I went to inquire about it. My little sister, a girl about ten years old, had got hold of the missing sheet of theme paper, and printed on the inside a theme of her own; and I, by a horrible mistake, had sent in this instead of my own. The following is a copy of my death-warrant:—

#### THEME.

#### *Travelling without Reading and Reading without Travelling.*

Once I went to Yonkers in the cars. There was a man who was reading the "World" he was travelling and reading. Then the car stopped at a place and he put his head out of the window. Then he was travelling and not reading. Once I read about the poor heathen. Then I got in a rocking-chair and my Sister and played going to Fiji. That was reading without travelling. Then my mother came into the Room and said "Stop that noise." I told her we were playing heathen. She said it was not play and we were real heathen. My mother has curls. My Father thinks my brother Charlie is awful smart. He has side whiskers. He makes me write Themes. He thinks they improve the mind. I think they use lots of paper. Once I travelled on a boat. It was called the Empire State. But I did not read. I talked. I most got sick but not quite. We had to take brandy. It was real good. Once I read a story about a girl who rode on the cars. She got sore eyes and had to wear eye-glasses. Then I thought I would never read when I was agoing. So now I don't, only when I'm agoing on a rocking-chair. Or when my big cousin has a man come to see her what wears light pants. He always pants to see her. Anyhow he tells her so. He likes to travel

but I don't think he reads much except her letters. He most always travels just where she is, then he stops there. I don't know which I like best travelling without reading or reading without travelling. I guess I like beans about as well as any thing. My cousin says she likes mashed potatoes. This is the end of this theme. finis\*

\* That means the end. Charlie told me so.

# LITERATURE.

THE sea where authors trembling launch their barks,  
A treacherous sea, inviting to the eye  
Of youth ambitious, gazing from the shore  
Upon the shining tide. He builds his toy,  
And ventures it among the sunlit drops  
That sparkle on the surface of the swell.  
He might a lesson from the bubbles learn;  
They smile and dance and die. So may his hopes.  
The caverns of the deep are stored with wreck,  
And mid the ribs of many a hope-spiced bark  
Nameless sea-monsters sport in heedless play.  
Unwisely though he tempt the mid-sea storms,  
The youth is free to coast along the shore.  
He may to some small port a cargo bear,  
Welcome and full of cheer; and, if one heart  
Beats quicker for a humble thought of his,  
He has done well to launch his modest lay.

## ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION BY UNDERGRADUATES.

MANY undergraduates, early in their collegiate course, choose a professional life, but delay choosing a profession until they graduate. The studies preparatory to the professions of a clergyman, of a lawyer, of a journalist, and of a physician or surgeon, are, to a certain extent, the same; and the professions themselves have many points in common. Hence, whatever may be the native talents of those who choose a professional life, the accidents of early education generally lead them to look upon several professions with almost equal favor. To a student standing at the point at which the professions diverge, the opening vistas may be alike charming; and the difficulty of the choice often consists not so much

in choosing one profession as in giving up others.

Young men of a studious turn greatly err in delaying the choice of a profession until they graduate. In the sense that a merchant's time is a part of his capital, the professional man's time is the whole of his capital. Under the systems of education for mercantile life, young men are first taught the general principles of commerce, and the details which are of general application in business, and are then warned that success can be attained only by exclusive and continuous attention to one business. The course of instruction in Harvard College now offers to each student the opportunity of choosing, to a great extent, his own course of study. We are the architects, not only of the superstructures, but also of the foundations, of our fortunes; and, under the elective system, we may elect the studies which are intimately related to those of our professions, and which will be as hewn stones in a solid masonry, whereon, as a foundation, an elegant structure may hereafter be rapidly and safely built. The merchant makes only those investments which will profit him something; the student who has chosen a professional life ought to invest his time in those studies only which add something to his professional knowledge.

Many undergraduates who intend to choose a profession, spend four years in learning that which may be of use in any profession, but of which none, or, at best, only a small part, can be of use in one profession. During the same period, the young men who intend to go into mercantile life, devote themselves to a single business, and master its details. Not a few undergraduates, we fear, will be grieved to find that when they are about to begin, almost from the bottom, the studies peculiar to their profession, their young merchant-friends are almost established in business. It may cost many a pang to part from studies which long companionship has led us to think almost part of ourselves; but, in the race for professional success, we must lay aside every weight.

We ask, then, every undergraduate, who has chosen a professional life, without choosing a

profession, to spend no more time for that which is not bread, and no more labor for that which satisfieth not, but to deliberately choose his profession, and to resolutely give up any study, however attractive, which does not help to fit him for his professional duties.

### ABOLITION OF THE MARKING SYSTEM AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE Trustees of Columbia College have taken the lead in college reform, by abolishing the present system of marks and deductions for a time, in order to ascertain the result of treating students as gentlemen and not as school-boys. We think the new regulations of sufficient interest to copy from "The Cap and Gown" the greater part of them. They are brief and explicit, divided into three articles, as follows:—

#### "I. — AS TO DISCIPLINE.

"1. Any case of misconduct in a student shall be referred, in the first instance, to the President, who shall hear the student's own statement in private, and shall admonish him, if necessary, in like manner.

"2. In case any member of a class under instruction disturb the class exercises, the Professor presiding may require such student to leave the room, and the student thereupon shall report himself to the President.

"3. Such rules of order as may be required to secure regularity, and to prevent confusion in the operations of the College, shall be announced by the Faculty. These, it is presumed, will be complied with, from their obvious necessity and fitness; but should they be persistently disregarded by any student, the Board of the College may require such student to cease from attendance at the College. This provision shall apply also to persistency in the cases provided for in Regulations 1 and 2."

Article II. relates to scholarship; and the substance of it is, that the relative standing of the students shall depend entirely on their proficiency in the intermediate and annual examinations. If a student is found deficient in these, he may, at the discretion of the Faculty, be dropped from the roll, and shall not be eligible to graduation at the end of his course, unless his deficiencies shall have been made good. Article III. we also quote in full:—

#### "III. — AS TO ATTENDANCE.

"Record shall be kept, as at present, of the attendance of students upon the religious and scholastic exercises of the College. A student who shall have been absent from more than one-quarter of the total number of exercises in any department, shall not be admitted to examination in that department, unless in case of a continuous absence, owing to serious illness, or other cause beyond the student's control.

"Tardiness of attendance shall be estimated as equivalent to one-half an absence. When a student leaves a class-room during an exercise, and fails to return before the close of the exercise in time to perform his part, his egression shall be counted as an absence, unless he shall have performed before going out.

"Every parent or guardian of a student shall be furnished monthly with a statement of the attendance of said student, unless a wish to the contrary shall be communicated to the President."

The result of this change will be looked upon with interest all over the country. Its failure will settle firmly the old order of things; its success will be the signal for universal reform. We have confidence that the behavior of the students of Columbia, in the present term, will be such as to give encouragement to the friends of reform, and cause a radical change in the present system of college government.

### REFORM.

"WHERE in the world are we!" Cicero would exclaim, were he to pay a visit to the College, examine the present management, and read the varied literature *pro* and *con* reform, now filling the columns of our daily journals. A graduate may ask, Where is Alma Mater drifting to, and when and where will she come to a firm stand? An undergraduate asks, What is all this fuss about? Of course, the reader has read the report of the last meeting of the Overseers of Harvard University. The main topic of their discussion was Reform. So far as we can judge, they came to no determination to do any thing in that line of business. They, indeed, thought that the President's duties should be lightened; and especially, that the office of Chief of Police ought to be taken away, (what an idea!) and



came to the conclusion that it had better be done quickly. The resolutions were laid over, as is usual, in the case of important matters; and we must patiently await the issue. Now, it seems to us that other changes are needed, — even necessary to the honor and vitality of the College. Everybody and every thing needs a thorough renovation. Our duties have become too monotonous, and we seem to be laboring under a mediæval spell. We expected, upon entering Harvard, to become men, immediately, and to be treated something like gentlemen. But we find ourselves in the same position as of yore. As we sit upon the benches in Massachusetts, pondering over our books, not daring to whisper because it is a violation of decorum, and wonder whether we shall be so fortunate as to gain another eight, — a precious reward, — our mind wanders back to the time when, in earlier years, we used to sit on pine benches, directly under the eye of the school-dame, and rejoice if she only took out her little book, and inscribed a bold ten opposite our names. How natural the scenes of to-day! Almost the same over again, except that now we are following Socrates through his favorite "lectures" on moral philosophy. It is the sole delight of the teacher, nowadays, to measure the scholar's intellect and knowledge, by a scientific use of the nine digits. Now, why does this babyish system exist, especially in Harvard?

It would seem that students came to Cambridge to see how many figures they might have attached to their names. But this is not so. We come here as gentlemen, — as men, — and should be treated as such. We have thrown aside the old school-boy garb and conduct, and no longer study to keep out of mischief, and rid home of our presence, as the saying is; but we come here to fit ourselves for after life. Of course, I speak of students who care for an education. On the present system, this marking business serves as a sort of incentive to delinquents, to endeavor to retain their position in College; to those who are advanced, and diligent, to try and come out the head of the class. In other words, a high average on white paper is the aim of the student. How foolish it seems to one examining the mat-

ter! For the sake of honor, both to ourselves and our College, we ask for the abolishment of the marking system. Let every one go to his daily *régime* of study with a higher end in view, and endeavor to obtain as much profit as he can from the instruction. And let the corps of instructors pride themselves on something else besides their agility in the use of the pencil.

When this is carried out, then will the College have taken a long step towards perfection. We might speak of other changes, but leave them to the care of others. All we want is a thorough house-cleaning. Throw our abominable college-laws into the fire, and let the wise men inaugurate a better system of management, embracing a little honor, and not so much absolutism. Let us not be here as masters and slaves, but as friends, "some older, some younger," — as good instructors, and diligent learners.

Let our course of study be liberal and wide in its extent; so arranged that each man may suit his own taste, and not be obliged to cram down what will, in the end, be of no use to him. Now that they have advanced the tuition fee fifty per cent, let us hope for a wholesome and a beneficial alteration in the performances and management at Harvard University. And if, perchance, they should increase it a thousand per cent, which we may expect soon, let us not complain, provided they give us an enlightened code of laws, — no longer Draconian in its character. Reform we began with; let us end with Reform.

'72.

THE following statistics show how much the College is in need of funds: —

Cost of undergraduate department for the year 1867-8 (after deducting 6½ per cent from professors' salaries) . . . . .	\$95,440.24
Amount of term bills (including instruction and rents) . . . . .	49,758.30
Income from funds . . . . .	38,600.96
Total income . . . . .	88,359.26
Excess of expenditures over income . . . . .	7,080.98

## THE ADVOCATE.

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### NOTICE.

WE call the attention of those subscribers who have not yet paid their "Advocate" bills, and request them to settle at once.

We shall continue to send the "Advocate" to all subscribers of the last volume, unless ordered otherwise.

### FEET CONSIDERED AS A MODE OF MOTION.

ONE of the stock objections to our College is that it is "fast." Much has been written to prove that this is a base libel and many are the assurances of its falsehood, given by Young Harvard to the "potent, grave, and reverend seignors" at home, who wisely wag their heads and sigh over the degeneracy of the University since the palmy days when they filled the halls of Hollis and Holworthy.

But this term a change has taken place. Instead of trying to refute the slander, we glory in the goad. The fastest man is now the man to look up to; and this dangerous innovation upon all precedent is only the first result of that last

of French ideas, the velocipede. What the others will be, time and the guardian genius of the College can alone determine. The fact is here.

And being here, as facts are stubborn things, it must be taken care of; a necessity that was immediately seen by the enterprising lessee of the rink behind the Post-office. Toward this establishment I directed my steps the other evening, as I was sauntering aimlessly back from tea. I had not improved my opportunities during vacation, by learning the few simple movements which are necessary to the guidance of this most gentle of steeds, and this was my first visit to a velocipede rink.

It is enough to say that I was charmed. There happened to be none but old hands, — or old feet, perhaps, they should be called, — "at the wheel;" and the delightful ease with which they made the tour of the hall, strongly impressed me. "What capital fun it must be to drive a pedal!" I thought. To be sure, they kept tumbling over, or running into the wall every now and then, but that was a small affair, and should never deter me from trying my fortune; so, within an hour, after wasting the usual amount of time in waiting for a chance, behold me mounted on a velocipede.

I will not reveal to an unappreciating public the agonies of that first half-hour, though I could a tale unfold of riding on a rail, my feet just touching the floor, my only relief being when I tumbled down, until at length I departed, disgusted with my own awkwardness, and feeling very much as if I had been riding a hard trotting-horse for about twenty miles.

But the thing which has most forcibly struck me, in connection with this velocipede, is the boundless possibilities of future influence which it possesses. If the mania only lasts, what radical change may not be accomplished? In the first place, of course, improvements will be effected by a succession of Yankee inventors, so as to make sixty miles an hour a mere bagatelle. This will probably occasion the rapid decline of the much abused, but at present quite necessary, horse-cars; and these Yankees would probably all retire with large fortunes, so that instead of

"shoddy" or "petroleum," "velocipede" would come to be used as the proper word for a *parvenu*.

The staple news of the daily papers will also change under the influence of this new force; and, instead of railway accidents and runaway horses, we shall read with about the same degree of interest about a "Fatal Collision on the Brighton Road," or a "Horrible Murder in Beacon Street! Gentleman Cut in Two by a Velocipede! The Murderer Arrested." Race horses will of course soon die out, and "the last of the race" may, some fifty years hence, excite quite as much interest among antiquarians, as the winner of the race does to-day among sporting men. Velocipedes, mounted by skilful jockeys, will succeed to the course, and become the sole interest among "gentlemen of the turf." It is likely, also, that in view of the infinite decrease in the time which it will take to run a race of ordinary length, some smaller division of time than a second will have to be devised, in order to distinguish accurately among the aspirants. But we must stop here from mere exhaustion! As far away as the wildest imagination can reach, the prospect widens; but it must be left to some future pen to note the actual triumphs of the velocipede.

*Πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.*

#### SUPPER OF THE EVERETT ATHENÆUM.

ON THE evening of the Wednesday concluding the late term, the members of the Everett Athenæum gathered in a parlor of the St. James Hotel; and, after a few moments of greeting and chat, sat down to their feast, beneath the softened light in the smaller supper-room. The term was ended: all its vexations were fast passing into oblivion; only the generousness of its rivalry lingered in the memory; and even the joys of the future were already safely garnered in the bright visions of many. The proprietor cared well for his guests in the matters of ventilation and service, and thus contributed much to the enjoyment of the supper. The bill of fare contained

every thing a fastidious taste could wish, and was "discussed" in that hearty manner characteristic of young collegians debating a like subject.

After the cloth was removed, the orator told in a charming fable, with an obvious moral, how man received his capacity for enjoyment. In the stirring words of the ode, the members made melody with their lips, while the old college air waked even sweeter melody in their hearts. The poet echoed the feelings of his hearers in his expressions of pride in the Everett Athenæum.

In the reply to the toast, "The Class of '71," eloquent praise was given to Seventy-one, Harvard's child of great promise, the class whose victories on river and field are the footfalls of a young giant who is yet to win intellectual victories. The members, who, though true and leal to the Athenæum, never forget that they are also members of Seventy-one, drank with eyes kindling with pride,—

"—a health to our Class! May her fame ever last!

And, whene'er in the west glows the sun,

May our hearts beat with pride as the colors sweep past

Of Harvard and Seventy-one."

The speech in reply to the toast, "The Everett Athenæum," told how the Society which was then christened with many a toast sprang into being, counselled loving care for her welfare, and urged the truth of her motto, *Faber suæ fortunæ*. A chain is not stronger than any of its links; the members of the Everett Athenæum are forging each a link in the chain of her influence.

The hours sped swiftly on, accompanied in their flight with toast and song. The hands of the clock pointed to two, when the excellent suggestion was made, that to break up at flood-tide, and carry away the recollection of the gayety at its height, would be better than to wait until the ebb, which another hour might bring. Then the songs of old Harvard were sung again with clasped hands. Those who were to leave town on the morrow were speeded with a class-mate's hearty good-by; and, the Society having wisely



voted to have no wines, no member of the Everett Athenæum, in parting with his friends, parted with any of his self-respect.

#### "THE CLASS SUBSCRIPTION FUND.

"AN adjourned meeting of gentlemen interested in raising the above fund was held on Saturday, Feb. 20, at No. 50, State Street; Mr. Henry G. Denny, of the class of 1852, in the chair. Mr. A. J. C. Sowden acted as secretary, in the absence of Mr. F. V. Balch. There was a large attendance of graduates to hear the reports of the progress made thus far with the subscriptions in the different classes. Considering the short time allowed for canvassing, the replies were deemed very satisfactory. It is well known that the plan is to induce each class to give not less than \$1,000 per year for ten years, — outright payments preferred. The committees were met by the difficulty of obtaining *pledges*; but most of the classes heard from are confident of raising the proposed amount, and in some cases it has been guaranteed. Those classes which have obtained outright payments are enabled to show a very handsome record for the first year.

"The class reports of work already done were as follows: —

	Class.	Amount.
By Waldo Higginson . . . .	1833 . . . . .	\$ 600
" C. E. Ware . . . . .	1834 . . . . .	325
" W. G. Russell . . . . .	1840 . . . . .	500
" Augustus Lowell . . . .	1850 . . . . .	225
" F. W. Palfrey . . . . .	1851 . . . . .	300
" H. G. Denny . . . . .	1852 (guaranteed) . . . .	1,000
" H. Van Brunt . . . . .	1854 . . . . .	660
" G. B. Chase . . . . .	1856 (mostly this year) . . .	2,500
" J. L. Stackpole . . . . .	1857 (partly outright) . . .	1,600
" H. Hunnewell . . . . .	1858 . . . . .	500
" G. B. Blake, Jr. . . . .	1859 (partly outright) . . .	1,700
" W. E. Perkins . . . . .	1860 (\$1,000 for ten years sure) .	890
" W. P. Garrison . . . . .	1861 . . . . .	385
" F. L. Higginson . . . . .	1863 (will double in six months)	595
" A. G. Sedgwick . . . . .	1864 (guaranteed for ten years)	1,000
" F. E. Bryant . . . . .	1867 . . . . .	500
Whole amount thus far . . . . .		\$13,280

"Encouraging reports were made by Messrs. Thomas C. Amory, 1830; Amos A. Lawrence, 1835; C. William Loring, 1839; Henry L. Higginson, 1855; and James B. Ames, 1868. The class of 1829 intends to make a good report, one member agreeing to double the subscriptions of the rest of the class. For the class of 1862, Major-General William F. Bartlett reports by letter, 'Count on the class for \$1,000' [per annum]; and adds, 'I do not see how Harvard men can fail to respond with a will to such a call.'

"Mr. Waldo Higginson, from the committee to nominate trustees of the fund, reported the names of Hon. William Gray, Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, and

Colonel Henry S. Russell. They were chosen unanimously, and have consented to act.

"Mr. Higginson then presented a form of heading for the subscription papers. After amendment by Messrs. C. W. Loring and J. L. Stackpole, and a very full discussion by Messrs. A. A. Lawrence, W. G. Russell, Augustus Lowell, T. C. Amory, G. B. Chase, and G. B. Blake, Jr., the following was adopted: —

"Whereas it is proposed to raise a fund of \$500,000 for Harvard College, to be called "The Class Subscription Fund," to be held by the Corporation as a general fund, and only the income from the amount actually raised to be expended by them; the subscriptions to be paid to William Gray. Amos A. Lawrence, and Henry S. Russell, as trustees, to be paid over by them to the Corporation as often as the sum in their hands shall amount to \$50,000; said trustees being authorized to fill vacancies in their number:

"Therefore, the undersigned agree that the sums set against their names as subscriptions shall be used for the purposes of this fund."

"Voted, that the secretary be requested to have printed a suitable number of papers with the above heading, for distribution among the several classes.

"The sub-committee of five then recommended the appointment of a central committee of forty, to urge organization in the respective classes; and, in those where organization cannot be brought about, to themselves canvass such classes; said committee being empowered to fill their own vacancies.

"The motion was carried; and, after several other unimportant motions, the meeting adjourned." — *Advertiser*, Feb. 23d, '69.

#### A CONVENTION OF AMERICAN PHILOLOGISTS

will be held in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., commencing on Tuesday, July 27th, 1869, and continuing in session for several days.

The call to this Convention is issued pursuant to a resolution passed at a preliminary meeting, held in the New York University, on Nov. 13th, 1868.

Measures will be taken to complete the organization of a permanent National Society for the promotion of Philological studies and research in America.

Papers upon different branches of Philology by distinguished American linguists will be read and discussed.

The time that may then remain to the Convention will be devoted to the discussion of the following, among other questions, relative to the position which the Study of Language should occupy in our educational system, to the best methods of Philological instruction, and to the promotion of Philological literature in America.

1. How much of the time in a collegiate course of study should be given to the study of Language?
2. How much of this time should be devoted to the study of the Modern Languages?
3. Should the study of the French and German precede that of the Latin and Greek Languages?
4. What position should be given to the study of the English Language in our colleges and other high schools of learning?
5. What is the most efficient method of instruction in the Classical Languages?
6. What is the best system of pronouncing Latin and Greek?
7. Should the written accent be observed, in pronouncing Classical Greek?
8. What more efficient measures can be taken to preserve from destruction the Languages of the Aboriginal Indians of America?

Professors of Language in universities, colleges, theological seminaries, and other high schools of learning, presidents of colleges and other schools where Languages are taught, and amateurs and patrons of Philological studies and investigation, are hereby invited to be present at this Convention.

This call is signed by a hundred of the most noted college presidents, professors, and literary gentlemen in the country.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**THE GOLDEN TREASURY.** By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. ARNE. Translated from the Norwegian of Björnsterne Björnson. Cambridge: Sever, Francis, & Co.

It is very pleasant to begin our notices of books for this term with two such charming works as these. "The Golden Treasury" is one of the most beautiful compilations ever issued in America. The highest praise we can give its publishers is to say, that the elegance of its dress is equal to the beauty of its contents.

"Arne" is a book that few can read without desiring to possess. We read it two years ago, and wondered that no publisher had been appreciative enough to present it to our reading public. It is exquisite in its freshness and sweetness; and, though simple, is never maudlin. Lovely little poems are scattered through it, which positively refresh the reader; and the prose is as beautiful as the poetry. We wish we had space to quote the song entitled, "He went in the forest the whole day long," which we consider the finest in the book; but,

lacking the room for that, we give the following as a specimen:—

"Ingerid Sletten of Willow-pool  
Had no costly trinkets to wear;  
But a cap she had that was far more fair,  
Although 'twas only of wool.

It had no trimming, and now was old;  
But her mother, who long had gone,  
Had given it her, and so it shone  
To Ingerid more than gold.

For twenty years she laid it aside,  
That it might not be worn away:  
'My cap I'll wear on that blissful day,  
When I shall become a bride.'

For thirty years she laid it aside,  
Lest the colors might fade away:  
'My cap I'll wear when to God I pray,  
A happy and grateful bride.'

For forty years she laid it aside,  
Still holding her mother as dear:  
'My little cap, I certainly fear  
I never shall be a bride.'

She went to look for the cap one day,  
In the chest where it long had lain;  
But, ah! her looking was all in vain:  
The cap had mouldered away."

There is a Norwegian translation of this work, which is perhaps even more fascinating than the reprint by Messrs. Sever and Francis. The Norwegian translation is, however, so idiomatic, that we doubt whether it would please the majority of readers as much as the English one. Both are, however, for sale at Sever and Francis', and the purchaser can choose for himself.

It would not be just, even in the limited space at our command, to omit giving Messrs. Sever and Francis especial praise for their enterprise and liberality in presenting, not only this lovely work, but also Mrs. Shelley's celebrated but little known "Frankenstein," to the public. We trust that they will be rewarded by large sales.

F. W. L.

**TITLEPAGES.**—Subscribers desiring titlepages for binding the "Advocate" can have them on application to our Financial Agent, or by addressing the "Advocate."

## EXCHANGES.

(The "Advocate" exchange list has been carefully revised since the end of last term.)

With the end of vacation comes an unusually large pile of exchanges; and we turn from one to another, only to find editors, poets, regular contributors, and occasional correspondents, all riding one and the same hobby, — the velocipede. This being the condition of our affairs, our readers have but to repair to the nearest velocipede-school, and they will see before them the scene described by exchanges from all parts of the country.

The "Atlantic Monthly" for March is received, and displays in its attractive list of prose and poetry the usual amount of high literary talent.

"Harper's Magazine" for March contains the accustomed variety of excellent illustrated articles and interesting light reading.

We regard the term, "opulent and gorged Harvard," as rather good.

The "Amherst Student" is responsible for these two: —

"Brigham Young is indeed a pillar of Salt Lake. His idea of a wife is — Lots.

"The proper abbreviation for Alaska is said to be L.S. — The place of the seal."

The "Trinity Tablet" appears in a new form, which looks decidedly like an imitation of the "Advocate," and is therefore proportionately handsome.

As the "Advocate" has never done much in the line of purely moral poetry, we copy from the "Willoughby Collegian" the following, which we present for the careful perusal of every Freshman in College. The names of the two students are withheld: —

## "THE TWO STUDENTS.

## PART I.

Stupid student! Counting fingers!

Eyes half-shut, he, lazy, lingers.

Faintly gaping,

Stretching, napping;

Shallow vision,

No decision;

Fun for ever,

Study never;

Life was only spent in fun —

Life of student number *one*.

Brilliant student! Quick he towers!

Nerved by innate valiant powers.

Firm and steady,

Promptly ready;

Penetrating,

Thoughts creating;

*One* thing doing,

Books pursuing;

Student life was good and true —

Life of student number *two*.

## PART II.

See that ragged wretch, forsaken,

For a fiend or brute mistaken;

In the gutter,

Hear him mutter;

Cursing, groaning,

Life bemoaning;

Flows crimson tide,

In suicide.

An abject, useless race is run, —

Race of student number *one*.

Hark! admiring thousands marching!

Streets with banners overarching;

There comes, to-day,

A *man*, they say;

Brings salvation

To the nation;

Bells are ringing,

Honor bringing.

Who is coming? Who, O who?

It is student number *two*."

The "New-England Base-Ballist" has become the "National Chronicle."

The "Targum" is the title of a new exchange from New Brunswick, N.J. We hope it may prosper, but don't see why it should.

The "Yang Lang" is an *illustrated* paper from Brown University. It is devoted to "burlesque and light literature," and we welcome it most heartily.

They are talking of velocipedes for the Yale gymnasium.



At a meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College on Feb. 25th, a committee report was presented, recommending that the duties of the President be materially lessened; and the following resolution was adopted:—

*"Resolved,* That in order to relieve the President from such of his present duties as are inconsistent with the most comprehensive administration of that office, the Corporation be requested to consider the propriety of creating a new officer for the undergraduate department, with a salary of not less than four thousand dollars *per annum*, who shall be one of the instructors of the College, a member of the College Faculty, and shall preside at its meetings in the absence of the President; who shall be responsible for the performance of all the ministerial and clerical duties now required of the President, including the official correspondence when it is not assumed by him, and also for all the duties now intrusted to the Regent; and shall discharge such other duties in relation to the undergraduate department as the Corporation may from time to time direct."

The result of this resolution will be the creation of an office somewhat like the present regency, but with larger powers and duties; and the freedom of the President from many of the harassing details which now pertain to the office. In consideration of the ease with which the College has existed without a President for so long, it will not be surprising if the news of the probable near election of that officer does not awaken the lively feelings of interest which might be expected.

#### ATOMS.

THE third annual dinner of the New-York Harvard Club took place at Delmonico's, on Tuesday, Feb. 23d. There were about a hundred gentlemen present, Rev. Dr. Bellows in the chair. Responses to toasts were made by Mr. William Cullen Bryant, Rev. Dr. Adams, Professor Nathan Hale, Mr. Charles A. Dana, Mr. D. B. Eaton, and Dr. Stone. Letters were read from Mr. James Russell Lowell and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The festivities were kept up until a late hour, and many interesting and witty speeches were made after the regular programme had been carried out.

THE Freshmen are expected to prove very efficient society men. One of them was heard the other day, recounting his experiences. One "Society for Mutual Improvement," to which he belonged, was broken up because, on one occasion, so many members left the meeting as not to leave a quorum. The officers and a few members sat in the room, through the night, till breakfast-time, when they were forcibly ejected.

"We weren't able to adjourn, because there was not a quorum present; we were ruled by 'Cushing,' you know!"

WE wish to call attention to the article in this number, entitled "Concerning a Rumor," and to suggest the appropriateness of communications on the subject discussed, in order that the views of the undergraduates, whose welfare is chiefly concerned, may be well known. We think that a thorough discussion of the question would not be without effect; and, at any rate, after a full statement of the students' views, it would not be their fault if another monstrosity like Grays were inflicted upon them.

LOOK out for the *Grande Duchesse* tobacco. A large invoice just received by ELLIOT, on Brighton Street. Also a superb assortment of new Brier pipes.

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J. H. HUBBARD.—His COLUMN.

*His Valedictory to '69.*

GENTLEMEN, — You are already aware, and will no doubt be frequently informed before long, that you are about to go out into the world. Many enticements and allurements are before you. It is a bad world for unsuspecting innocence like yours. Some may wish you to be a legislator or a politician. Don't be tempted; it is too much of a risk. Say boldly, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Beware of sudden gains; it is better to make your money slowly, and enjoy the flavor as you go along. Don't allow yourselves to make over fifty thousand a year at first. It will be quite proper for you to accept the presidency of an inland college, if suitable bonds for the payment of your salary accompany the offer.

Concerning a profession, avoid Law; we have so much law now, that any one among us daily makes himself liable to suffer imprisonment for life and total confiscation of estate. Nor Medicine; for much learning might make you mad, and a little learning is a dangerous thing, — you might poison yourself or somebody. You might try the quill. V. Hugo has made a good thing that way; but he was taken in infancy by literary Comprachicos, and fixed so that he has *rit* ever since, — he can't help it. If you try living by your wits, see that you don't fail for want of capital. But, above all, don't try to be a Cambridge apothecary; that requires a special gift, a general faculty of doing a little of every thing. Then, you know that J. H. H. has the inside track. Everybody acknowledges that his

*Ice-Cream Soda is unequalled!*

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Sept. 23.

# THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. VIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., SEPTEMBER 22, 1869.

No. I.

## IN VACATION.

DEAR little maiden with brown eyes,  
If you should know you were so near me,  
How great would then be your surprise,  
Perhaps you then would almost fear me;  
You blushed so on the beach to-day,  
When you observed how close I eyed you:  
That was to-day, and here to-night  
I'm put into the room beside you.

Only a wall between us now,  
And I can hear you just as plainly  
Rustling about: — I don't see how  
I made myself look so ungainly,  
Staring at you to-day; — but, then,  
You might take any fellow's eyes: —  
To-morrow I'll be introduced,  
And then I will apologize.

I know my conduct was quite rude,  
Still its effects can be amended,  
And then I don't believe you could  
Have been so *very* much offended: —  
I hear her at her trunks; of course,  
That's a sure sign of coming sorrow:  
So many dresses taken out,  
So many victims for to-morrow.

Outside, the kisses of the moon  
Silver the waves along the bay:  
Inside, she wonders if maroon  
Looked well with her brown eyes to-day.  
I see the clouds flit o'er the sky,  
I see the breakers dashing merry:  
She looks on dresses hung around,  
And revels in her millinery.

I'm getting sleepy. So is she:  
I hear her yawn. These nice thin walls  
They build in houses by the sea  
Make one hear every sound that falls.  
Good-night, Mademoiselle! Oh, dream of me,  
Whose queen for weeks to come thou art!  
And then wake up to flirt again;  
I'm yours: so come, and break my heart.

## EDITORIAL.

As this, the first number of Volume VIII., appears, the fall term is fairly begun. The sons of Fair Harvard have returned to their Alma Mater from every direction: some from cool seashore resorts, — from Mt. Desert, from Rye, and the innumerable haunts along the New-England coast; some from the mountains or the backwoods, where the frames, exhausted by too much devotion to study, — or other pursuits, — during the spring term, have been rejuvenated and refreshed. Again the college yard echoes with the voices and steps of our busy crowd. In the evenings, social groups gather around the steps of the buildings and in the window-seats; and, as the shades of night grow deeper, ever and anon is heard the inspiring crash of breaking glass, with the accompaniment of rushing footsteps, betraying the Sophomore whose valor is wisely tempered with discretion; or, on the ear falls the suggestive sound of the voice of the Freshman wildly remonstrating with the eager band of admiring Sophomores, who escort him in triumph to the cheerful treat at Kent's, or the social cigar at Hubbard's.

With a hearty welcome to all our fellow-students, we wish to say a few words concerning the present condition and prospects of our paper. These are flourishing far beyond the usual fortune of college papers. We have been enabled to give to the Library a donation of two hundred dollars, with which have been purchased eighty-seven volumes, some of them valuable scientific works, the remainder popular books of the day. This donation we wish to repeat yearly; but to do this a support even more hearty than what we have before received is necessary, for the following reason. A strike of the compositors

at our printer's, last term, resulted in their wages being raised to such an extent as to increase the cost of each issue of the paper about ten dollars, thus making the increased cost in a year two hundred dollars. We have not considered it expedient to raise the cost of the paper, but we rely on an increased support to enable us to continue as we have begun. Shall we have it?

The paper is intended to be the representative of the students, and we hope that all will feel an interest in it. This principle has been carried out in the selection of books for the Library, which the Librarian was instructed to purchase from a list furnished by the assistant, this list being made up by noting the names of books not in the Library which had been called for by the students during the past year.

Next to pecuniary support, we wish all friends of the paper to show their interest in it in the form of contributions. We shall be glad to hear from all classes indiscriminately, and shall try, as in the past, to be perfectly impartial in our judgment of articles presented for publication. We should like also to hint that articles of a light and sportive tone are, in general, more acceptable to our readers than those of a deeper and more serious character, unless the latter are of special merit; and an article of this kind, technically called "heavy" (which term is by no means one of disrespect), is more likely to achieve success, if short and pithy.

With a hope, then, that we shall receive from all our friends a hearty and generous support, both in subscriptions and contributions, during the ensuing year, we enter upon Volume VIII.

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### CLASS DAY.

To look back upon Class Day after the long vacation, with its array of events, seems like gazing on a former state of existence, as, indeed, it is; for those who were Juniors then are Seniors now, while the Freshman seats are occupied by newcomers, and the heroes of the delightful festival have now gone out into the world, and become lost in the rabble thereof. But they went out in

glory and honor, almost every one agreeing that it was the best Class Day for years, and worthy of the class to whom it was sacred.

#### THE EXERCISES IN THE CHURCH,

as usual, consisted of a prayer by Dr. Peabody, much music, and an oration and poem. The oration was straightforward, manly, and sincere in its tone. We have not the space to fully describe it here, nor the desire to notice any little defect there may have been in it. The class had good reason to be more than satisfied with their orator. The poem was very well received. More open to criticism than the oration, as regards its matter and its style of delivery, we cannot too highly praise Mr. Merrill's moral pluck, if we may be allowed the expression, in going through with his task, as he did, in a manner to excite warm admiration from all those who sincerely sympathized with him in the sad news that was brought to him so suddenly and so inopportunistically.

#### THE SPREADS

were, as usual, among the great features of the day. Does Holworthy ever look more beautiful than when its doors and windows seem choked with bright masses of color from a distance, and a nearer view, instead of decreasing, heightens the charming prospect, as one comes closer and sees a throng of delicately tinted cheeks and kid gloves, vivid and brilliant eyes and strawberries, dainty little boots and salmon salads? Oh, how the good things of this world are improved by being taken together! Not only Holworthy, but Gray and Hollis and Stoughton were full; and Lyceum Hall was as it usually is on Class Days; i.e., crammed.

#### THE DANCING.

People like round dancing better than other dancing, therefore they go and swelter in Harvard Hall, rather than dance under the elms on the cool green. Many people, however, had rather dance quadrilles than not dance at all; and such people would use the green rather than give up dancing, if some one would only go in first. But this year nobody would go in first, and therefore the green was neglected. Which leads us to a suggestion. Why should not a flooring be laid on the green, as can easily be done, and the

space thus covered be given up to round dancing? Harvard Hall is always crowded, and hot, and full of obtrusive posts, which toward the end of waltzes thrust themselves against people who do not combine presence of mind, steadiness of legs, and keenness of vision.

#### THE PROMENADING

in the yard was unintermittent until half past five, when the crowd began to surge in the direction of the tree. It is while promenading that toilettes can be best observed. There was a good deal of muslin and lace worn, also much silk. Some of the dresses were short, and others long. There were ruches and gathers and pleats and folds. (N.B. These remarks thoroughly describe the *tout ensemble* of the toilettes, and are inserted for the benefit of the mothers and sisters of our readers.)

#### AT THE TREE

there was a crowd. In fact, without exaggeration, we might say there was a large crowd. There were nods and becks and wreathed smiles from the windows and the seats, and there were cheers and howls and hugs around the tree. The hugging is affecting, but dusty. After the tree, all went

#### TO TEA.

Class-Day teas are new, and therefore jolly. They are a sort of letting-down from the excitement of the spreads, the dancing, and the tree performances. As soon as people discover how jolly they are, they will begin to lose their simplicity and rest, and become spoiled.

"WHO SHALL THE CHARMS OF THAT BLEST NIGHT DECLARE!"

Class-Day night is for us the most delightful part of the whole festival. True, the rabble from the very depths of the cellars and heights of the attics rush into our Eden, but, like Uncle Toby and the fly, there is room enough for both of us. There was music by the band, which was better than usual, and singing by the Glee Club, which was unusually poor. Dr. Peabody held a reception at his house during the early evening, and the time passed pleasantly away. Say what any body will, Class Day is lovely. There is

never rain: there is always youth, beauty, and gayety. A distinguished graduate has told us the history of Class Day, and some time his story shall be filtered through these columns. At eleven o'clock, all was painfully still, save where through the open windows the rippling gurgle of punch-drinking was occasionally heard. The moon shone down on the yard and its *débris*. Here lay a crumpled little glove, here a shattered clay pipe (property of intruding mucker), here a rose-bud, and here a chicken-bone. All was over, and '69 had finished its course.

#### '69'S FAREWELL.

'69 had finished; and how? It had won the laurels of the College in scholarship, in literary merit, in athletics, and in music. It had been an honor and a pride to Harvard; and under the graceful leadership of Mr. Bowditch it went out as it had entered, and as it had passed through the college walks, — bravely and beautifully.

F. W. L.

### COMMENCEMENT DAY.

THE 29th of June, Triennial Commencement Day, 1869, was remarkable in several respects. The weather, which, as if half regretting the kindly smile of Class Day, had been in the interval coquettish, was singularly fine. The Commencement exercises were marked by their shortness, and by the omission of parts in Latin and in Greek. Years ago, when, for the first time, one part was allowed to be in English, that concession to the claims of modern literature was considered great. This year, all the parts were in English, even the usual Latin salutatory being omitted.

The board of Overseers met at 9½ o'clock. Among other business, they appointed the lecturers for the new post-graduate course in Philosophy and Modern Literature, and voted to establish a University Professorship of Mathematics. To this chair, Mr. James Mills Pierce, late Assistant Professor of Mathematics, was elected two weeks ago.

The graduating class, 108 in number, met at Gore Hall at 10 o'clock, and formed into proces-

sion with the Governor and his staff, the Faculty and the Alumni. The whole body then proceeded to the First Church.

Beginning with a prayer by Dr. Peabody, the Commencement exercises continued in the following order: —

#### MUSIC.

*Thesis*: "A Famine in India," Josiah Calef Bartlett; *Dissertation*: "Ocean Telegraphy as illustrating the Practical Bearings of Theoretical Science," Robert Swain Morison; *Dissertation*: "The New Philosophy of Chemistry," Henry Barker Hill; *Oration*: "The Treatment of Uncivilized by Civilized Races," Henry Ware Putnam.

#### MUSIC.

*Oration*: "American Partiality for Russia," Francis Greenwood Peabody; *Oration*: "The Condition of Women among the Anglo-Saxons," Henry Franklin Burt; *Oration*: "Francis Deák," William Pepperrell Montague; *Oratio summa cum laude*: "Philistinism," Robert Alder McLeod.

#### PARTS NOT DELIVERED.

*Orations*: William Gallagher, Henry Howland, Benjamin Lowell Merrill Tower, Arthur Irving Fiske, William Hunter Orcutt, Jacob Albert Dodge.

*Dissertations*: George Clark Travis, Joseph Bangs Warner, Alfred Goodale Lamson, Charles Norman Fay, Thomas Prince Beal, George Homer Ball, Russell Gray, Mark Sibley Severance, Francis Rawle, Frank Davis Millet, Augustus George Fox, Joseph Doddridge Brannan, Charles Laban Capen, Samuel Epes Turner, Jacob Jefferson Myers.

*Theses*: Augustus Everett Willson, Edward Hickling Bradford, Harris Cowdrey Hartwell, George Edward Merrill, Willard Webster Grant, Franklin Bartlett, Thomas Eliot Pope, Frederic Palmer.

#### MUSIC.

To the fact that the number of parts delivered was limited, was due, in a great measure, the superior character of the exercises. Only thirty-seven parts were assigned. From those, the eight that were delivered were selected chiefly for their literary excellence.

The uncommonly high scholarship of the graduating class was the subject of general remark. The proportion of the class named in the rank-list is larger than that of any class of late years; and the percentage of Mr. McLeod, 98 on the scale of 100, is believed to be the highest ever attained in College. Mr. McLeod has now the distinguished honor of being the first Fellow in

Harvard University, having been appointed by the Corporation to the Harris Fellowship, one of the two recently founded. To the other Fellowship, of which the name of the donor is not to be announced, the Corporation have appointed Mr. Joseph B. Warner of the late graduating class.

The association of the Alumni met in University Hall at 10 o'clock. The Committee for the Erection of a Memorial Hall reported that there was on hand money enough to begin to build in the spring of 1870; and that only the dining hall and the monumental hall would be completed at present, the building of the other parts having been deferred until all the funds to be received from the estate of the late Mr. Saunders should become disposable. On April 1, 1870, the Committee expect to have on hand \$195,000.

The Committee on the Class Subscription Fund reported \$21,977 on hand. They believe that, with proper efforts and free discussion, the fund of \$500,000 can be raised in ten years.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, the Alumni gathered under the chestnuts and the elms at the north end of Gore Hall. There was formed the Alumni procession, ever lengthening, until all the Alumni present, 700 in number, had taken places in the line, in the order of class seniority. The procession wound its way through the yard, passing Boylston, Gray, University, Holworthy, Stoughton, and Hollis Halls, until it reached and entered Harvard Hall, in which the tables for the Commencement dinner were spread.

At 4 o'clock the Alumni sat down to their dinner. Among the speakers were the Hon. William Gray, the Rev. Dr. Peabody, Governor Claflin, the Hon. John H. Clifford, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Hon. E. R. Hoar, Prof. James Russell Lowell, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate. The speeches were short and to the point. From Dr. Peabody's speech, in reply to the toast "The Corporation of the University," we quote the following: "I wish to say a few words concerning the students. The Faculty of the College allow the students to govern themselves. I believe that no police officer, in preserving good order in College, is half so efficient as the students



themselves. Never, when apprehending any disturbance or trouble, have I appealed to students to prevent it, without that appeal being triumphantly successful."

In the evening Dr. Peabody's reception was thronged by Alumni, students, and friends.

With the closing hours of Commencement Day went forth from college the Class of 1869, distinguished for brilliant yet sound scholarship; remarkable for the large share it had taken in athletic sports, and for the victories won with oar and with bat by the help of its muscle and skill, — a class, the presence of which in College had been for the true good of every interest which undergraduates have at heart,

### THE WORCESTER REGATTA.

THESE races did not attract the attention this year which they have before received, being overshadowed by the great International Race upon which all our hopes and thoughts were centred. It was generally regarded as a foregone conclusion that Yale would win this year; and the Yales seem to have been chiefly interested in the question whether they could beat Harvard's time last year, the Harvard crew being thrown in as an attractive feature, adding grace to Yale's contest against time.

#### THE CREWS.

The Yale crews arrived at Worcester on Thursday, July 15th, the Harvards two days later, both crews taking up their quarters at their customary boarding-places. The Yale University crew was considered the best since Wilbur Bacon's, and by some even the best ever sent forth from Yale. Under a strict system of training, superintended by Josh Ward, they had attained a perfection never before surpassed by a Yale crew, and were a splendid-looking set of men. Of the Freshman crew not as much can be said, but they looked able to do well for themselves. "Hank" Ward had taken charge of them. The Harvard crew, weakened as it was by the absence of Simmons, Bass, and Rice, was not even as strong as could have been raised in College had more interest been felt, although

the addition of Fay was an advantage. The Freshman crew was an average one; and the match between it and the Yale crew was more even than between the Universities, although the sixth man was not decided on till a week or two before the race. The "Freshman five-oar" was a standing joke last term among the *habitués* of the boat-house platform.

Although the case of the Harvards was generally thought a desperate one, some encouragement was to be derived from watching the work of the crews during the week before the race. The Yale men, though tremendously muscular, rowed a short stroke, and had not yet acquired the long body swing which is so effective in our stroke. Their oars, too, were larger and with broader blades than ours; and it seemed as if, with their style of stroke, this additional length of oar would be a disadvantage rather than a gain. The Harvards pulled the usual long, quick stroke, bringing into play every pound of strength in each man. Their rowing, the first of the week, was not quite in time, but improved steadily during the week. The crew themselves were extremely modest in their predictions; and the best they prophesied was, that they would at any rate give Yale a tough pull for victory.

#### THE PROMENADE CONCERT

came off Thursday evening; and, although a very pleasant occasion, was enjoyed by few Harvard men, and scarcely any Yale men. The number of either in town was small, in consequence of the races being the only attraction, there being no ball-match in prospect for Friday morning. A Worcester band furnished the music; and the young ladies of Worcester and their friends turned out in force, decked with the colors of the rival colleges, filling the hall with pretty faces, and the flash of bright colors; while around the doorway gathered a crowd of unfortunates, unable or unwilling to participate in the festivity, and strongly reminding an observer of the crowd of the "aimless and anxious" who occupy the north-east corner of Lyceum Hall, in the Cambridge Assemblies.

At the Bay State there was no disturbance, owing to the wise policy of the Mayor in closing

the bars, and the small number of undergraduates in town. We make this statement in defiance of the *New-York World*, whose special report, evidently written some days before the race, tells a moving tale which thrills the reader with horror, and presents some moral remarks on college rowdyism which are edifying in the extreme. There was some selling of pools in the Bay State House, in which the odds were 2 to 1 on the Yale University crew, 10 to 7 on the Yale Freshmen.

#### THE RACE.

The morning of Friday, July 23d, opened with a cloudless sky and a blazing sun. The morning trains brought large accessions of students, who swarmed in the lobby of the Bay State, and eagerly discussed the chances of the afternoon. The supporters of the blue were by far the more numerous, and decidedly confident, though conceding that chances on the Freshmen stood about even.

As afternoon approached, the customary crowds were to be seen loading the cars, toiling and growling across the long fields between the Lake Signal and Regatta Point, and thronging the road in every variety of vehicle. At the Point, the scene was as pleasing as in years past, although the crowd was smaller. The blue predominated, and the small band of magenta ribbons wore on their faces a mingled expression of sadness and resignation.

The races began with a race between four-oared lapstreaks of Worcester, which attracted scarcely any attention among the spectators at the Point. The first contest of general interest was between the Freshman college crews. At the word, the Harvards, who had drawn the inside, took the lead; which they kept up past the Point, where they were received with uproarious cheers, and on up the pond. The Harvards turned first, drew steadily ahead down the pond, and came in winners in 19.30, beating Yale by 28 1-2 seconds.

At this result, not entirely unexpected, the faces of the Harvard men brightened up a little, while the wearers of the blue observed, "Well, you may have the Freshman race. Wait for the

University." The crowd proceed to wait for the University; and, to enliven the period of delay, a race between five Worcester shells came off, remarkable for two points: first, there was no claim of foul, as might have been expected from the number of boats; and, second, the winning crew made the three miles in 19.36, only six seconds more than the Harvard Freshman crew.

This race over, everybody wakes up for the great event of the day. The sky has clouded over just enough to protect us from the burning sun, and the water is as smooth as glass, without a ripple on its surface to mar the reflections of the lovely shores for which the lake is famous. On the rising tiers of seats are gathered a crowd of pretty faces and tasteful dresses, while everywhere flutter the blue and the magenta, from hat and fan and shoulder. Here and there among them, divers of the students try to conceal their increasing excitement and anxiety, by making poor jokes with the fair wearers of the ribbons, or laying enormous wagers of gloves and candy. And now a murmur of excitement is heard, as the rival boats shoot under the causeway: the Harvards, bare to the waist, exhibiting that magnificent brown which is the result of hard work under a blazing sun, albeit the sapient reporter of the *New-York Sun* hath it, that said brown is produced by the use of coloring matter; the Yales, with thin gauze shirts on; both with handkerchiefs of their college colors around their heads. Harvard draws the inside. Good luck for Harvard! There are a few moments of breathless expectation, while the crews hang on their oars; then comes a voice, "Look out for yourselves!" An interval of five seconds. "Go!"—and they are off. Harvard takes the water first, and, by pulling 25 strokes in the first half-minute, gets a good lead as the Yales are yet settling to their work. And up they come past the Point, Harvard leading, and slowly but surely drawing ahead, amid the wildest shouts from the partisans of both colleges. On they go up the pond, Harvard leading while they are in sight. Now follow some minutes of suspense, the magentas half wild with the unexpected turn of fortune,

the blues terribly stunned by the overwhelming reverse, but hoping for a change on the home-stretch. At the stake, Harvard keeps the lead; and Read, making one of the best turns ever made on the lake, starts down the course. At Regatta Point, all eyes are strained to catch the first view of the boats as they round the point above. First, are seen the blue caps in mid-stream; and Yale is happy for a moment. Then, the crimson is seen close in shore, creeping around the Point, and evidently leading by a little. Now, the little knot of Harvard men on the ground gather on the north side of the Point, and the old "Rah! Rah! Rah!" rises clear and loud above all the other mingled sounds. At this, the crew seem to gain new life, for they make a glorious spurt, which Yale tries to equal, but in vain; and the race from this point is ours. Down they come by Regatta Point, both crews doing all they know; the Yales pulling their short stroke, and the Harvards working splendidly, the oars rising and falling in beautiful time, in the long, rapid stroke. Amid the wildest cheers and excitement, the latter lead down to the line, which they cross in 18.02. Yale behind in 18.11, beaten by nine seconds. At this result, the Yale men disappear; and the Harvard men, in a delirious state, prance around, and cheer, and scramble to the water's edge to give an ovation to the crew, who come up, their faces wreathed in smiles, and their brown backs glistening with the tremendous labor, to receive their gold medals from the hands of Hon. D. Waldo Lincoln, Chairman of the Regatta Committee. At the same time, the Freshmen are presented with six silver medals.

Thus ended the Worcester Regatta of 1869, which gave to us the best-contested race ever rowed on the pond. All praise is due to the crew who rowed, and won against such odds, and such lack of interest and confidence among their friends; and to their bow, Mr. Read, whose efficient training and coaching had a large share in producing the happy result. The Yale crew was undeniably stronger and larger; and it was evidently a victory of that style of which every Harvard man should be proud, and which is un-

doubtedly better than any other this side of the ocean, and perhaps the other side.

*Librarian*

## GRADUATES WITH HONORS OF 1869.

THE following are the names of those members of the Class of 1869 who graduated with honors:—

### *Greek, Latin, and Mathematics.*

R. A. McLeod, W. P. Montague, J. B. Warner.

### *Greek, Latin, and Ancient History.*

W. Cook, A. I. Fiske, H. Howland, J. A. Dodge, R. Gray.

### *Chemistry and Mathematics.*

H. B. Hill.

### *Modern Languages.*

G. H. Ball, H. W. Deane, W. H. Orcutt, F. Bartlett, W. D. Mackintosh, F. Palmer, T. P. Beal, E. H. Mason, J. M. W. Pratt, H. F. Burt, F. D. Millett.

### *Philosophy and Political Economy.*

J. D. Brannan, C. L. Capen, C. W. Richardson.

### *Philosophy and Mathematics.*

R. S. Morison.

### *History and Political Economy.*

E. H. Bradford, H. C. Hartwell, F. Rawle, C. H. Fay, E. M. Johnson, S. E. Turner, A. G. Fox, J. J. Myers, J. P. Whitney, W. W. Grant, H. W. Putnam, G. G. Willard.

## BOYLSTON PRIZES FOR ELOCUTION.

At a public trial, held June 30th, 1869, the prizes were assigned as follows:—

### *The Two First Prizes.*

JAMES RUSSELL SOLEY, of the Senior Class.

WILLIAM WILLARD BOYD, of the Junior Class.

### *The Three Second Prizes.*

JOSEPH HEALY, of the Senior Class.

HORACE EDWARD DEMING, of the Junior Class.

CHARLES BURNHAM SANDERS, of the Junior Class.

## EXCHANGES AND COLLEGE NEWS.

A LARGE pile of exchanges has accumulated during vacation, including the *Atlantic*, *Every Saturday*, *Appleton's*, *Harper's*, *The Nation*, and *The Round Table*, for which we wish to return thanks to the publishers of those magazines and weeklies. We shall give more extended notices in our next.

## HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the term, at Cambridge, by the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

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## OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT ELIOT entered on his work at the Freshman examination without awaiting his inauguration. His liberal spirit is already seen in the measures for reforming the system of Sunday service now before the Overseers. With a larger number of undergraduates than ever before in College, with the governing powers fully supporting him, and with the students, as far as their knowledge goes, prepossessed in his favor, he has every prospect of a long and successful career. There is little to say concerning what he has done in the short time since he assumed his office; but we do not doubt that, as time goes

on, his beneficial influence will be more and more felt. As the representative of the undergraduates, the *Advocate* wishes him a prosperous government, success in his reforms, the continued favor of the higher powers, the efficient co-operation of the Faculty, and respect and popularity among the students.

## THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL RACE.

ALTHOUGH ever since the Harvard crew left this country, we have read almost daily of their progress, from the time they reached England to the time of their departure, and have seen accounts of the race in many various forms, still it seems as if some interest will still be felt in a report of the crew's progress and doings written from an undergraduate point of view.

The following account is written specially for our columns:—*by Godfrey Morse, '70*

## THE DEPARTURE AND VOYAGE.

The crew left Boston for New York on Wednesday, the 7th of July. A small number of students and Harvard men collected at the Old Colony Depot, and with nine hearty cheers bade them God-speed. Arriving at New York, they made their headquarters in the Astor House, by invitation of the Messrs. Stetson, proprietors of this favorite hotel. Friday, the day before their embarkation, they visited Greenpoint, Long Island, and tried their new boat which Elliott had built for them. In the evening, they were entertained at a quiet but most *recherché* dinner, at the Hoffman House, by members of the Class of '60, resident in New York; after which, they paid a visit to the Union League Club House. Thence the crew went to the boat-houses of the Nassau Boat Club, who gave a reception in honor of the Four. A splendid collation was prepared, and members of the various boat-clubs of New York and vicinity were present. Colonel Aspinwall, the President of the N.B.C., presided; and, in a few well-chosen remarks, welcomed the crew, and also wished them success in their great undertaking. Everybody at this reception was full of good wishes towards the Harvard men; when they left, a large crowd

gathered outside the boat-houses, and, with many hearty cheers and kind expressions, bade the Four farewell. A large and enthusiastic crowd gathered also on the wharf, the next day, when the crew sailed on the Inman Line steamship, *City of Paris*. At the end of the wharf, a number of Harvard graduates had taken up their position; and, as the *City of Paris* steamed out, the air rang with 'rahs. A finer voyage could not have been wished for, the weather during the whole trip being serene above and below. The first day, Loring and Simmons were slightly seasick. The former recovered after a day or two, but Simmons was more or less afflicted during nearly the whole passage. Bass, Rice, and Burnham went through with hardly a touch. The men passed their time on board much as common people generally do. They slept, they ate, they read, they walked, they played a game of whist, here and there; and thus the time wore away. Hardly an evening, however, passed, but they would collect in a crowd near the smoke-stack, and, in company with some other Harvard men on board, they made Father Neptune listen to something he probably never heard before, — a round of college songs in mid-ocean; always winding up with, "It's a way we have at old Harvard."

#### THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

On the 20th of July, they reached Liverpool. While lying outside the harbor, a steam-tender came up, having on board Mr. Sherlock, who took the crew in charge during their stay in Liverpool, and showed them many marked attentions. This gentleman represented some of the friends of the Harvard crew in London. On the invitation of its manager, the Four stayed, while in this city, at the Adelphi Hotel. The next morning, the crew took the train for Putney. The London and North-Western Railway Company had provided a beautiful railway saloon carriage for their especial accommodation, and passed them over their line without charge. The London and South-Western Railroad Company also had a special engine waiting to take the crew to Putney without change of cars, and thus obviating the necessity of passing through Lon-

don. We make mention of these acts of the railway companies, as it is a very rare thing for English companies to issue free passes, or to provide especial accommodations; and it certainly showed great courtesy.

#### AT PUTNEY.

At Putney, the crew took temporary quarters at the Star and Garter Hotel; and then removed, on Monday, the 26th, to the White Cottage, which place they rented for six weeks. After they were settled, they commenced active training. Their new Elliott boat, built in the United States, was found to be unwieldy on the Thames, on account of its great length; and new boats were ordered from English builders, one each from Salter, Jewitt, and Clasper; and Elliott, who had come from Greenpoint, was secretly constructing another. New English oars were also used.

During all this time, the crew had frequent visits from many Americans residing in London, and also many tourists. Many eminent Englishmen also paid their compliments, among whom may be mentioned Charles Reade, and Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., of *Tom Brown at Oxford* fame. The members of the London Rowing Club, whose hospitalities the crew had accepted, were also very attentive; and no Harvard man should ever forget their kindness. Their Captain, Mr. F. S. Gulston, deserves especial praise.

Up to this time, the crew consisted of Simmons, '69 (*stroke*); Rice, '71; Bass, '71; Loring, '69 (*bow*); and Burnham, '70 (*coxswain*). But, after the Worcester Regatta, Fay (*Law School*), and Lyman, '71, came over, as substitutes; and then a great change was made. Loring took *stroke*; and it being found that the crew worked better and made faster time with Messrs. Fay and Lyman, these men were substituted for Messrs. Bass and Rice; so that, on the day of the race, the crew was constituted as follows: Loring, *stroke*; Simmons, Lyman, Fay, *bow*; Burnham, *coxswain*.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE OXFORD MEN.

It was some days after the arrival of the crew, before any of the Oxford men, who were training



at Eton, made their appearance. After several interviews between the two captains, the 27th August was fixed for the day of the race. A fortnight before that day, the Oxford crew came to Putney, and were under the charge of their old "coach," Mr. G. Morison. Both crews practised twice daily on the course, up to a day before the final contest. Whenever either went out, the banks were crowded with many spectators, and they were always received with applause.

#### THE RACE.

Friday, the 27th August, will long be remembered in boating circles. The great contest between the great universities of England and America took place this day, on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four miles and three furlongs. The day was all that could be desired, although it was extremely warm. An immense throng of people, at least half a million, honored the occasion by their presence. Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., acted as Referee; Mr. Chitty, as Umpire for Oxford; and Mr. F. S. Gulston, Captain of the London Rowing Club, acted in the same capacity for Harvard. Mr. William Blaikie, '66, was the starter. The Oxford crew, with great generosity, offered Harvard the choice of sides; which the latter, with equal courtesy, declined. Harvard, however, won the toss, and chose the Middlesex side of the Thames. The course was kept perfectly clear, and nothing occurred to mar the perfect fairness of the race.

At exactly five o'clock, the Oxford crew made their appearance on the river, wearing shirts with short sleeves, and straw hats with blue bands. Their oars were also painted blue. Five minutes afterwards, the Harvard Four made their appearance, in shirts without sleeves; and all, with the exception of Simmons, wore white handkerchiefs around their heads. Burnham wore a beautiful white suit and magenta cap, and looked every inch a coxswain. Both crews paddled immediately to their positions, and at just fourteen minutes past five o'clock the crews were started; Harvard, with a quick and well-applied stroke, drawing their boat's nose ahead

of that of the Oxford. When the crews started, there arose from the multitudes on either bank a roar, which, to those who were on the Umpire's and Press' boats, never died out until they reached Mortlake. It seemed like the continuous roar of a cataract; and every now and then the sharp "'rah! 'rah! 'rah!" from small knots of Harvard men on shore, rang like the renewed claps of distant thunder. It was a grand sight to see the picked Four from the English and American universities plying their frail skiffs across the placid river. For over two miles, Harvard led, and led by a good length and a quarter. But, when the crews reached a place called Chiswick Eyot, inch by inch Oxford crept up; and first got on a level, and finally passed the Harvards. Once having obtained the lead, the English kept it; and came in the victors, by a length and a half, of the finest and hardest-contested race ever rowed on the Thames.

#### THE WASH.

In the course of the race, the Harvard coxswain had both an opportunity to take the Oxford's water, and also to "wash" their boat. But as during an interview before the race between Messrs. Loring and Willan, the former proposed to the latter that they should avoid those tricks which savor of jockeyism, although they came to no conclusions on the subject, yet *Captain Loring ordered Burnham not to give the Oxfords their wash.* Oxford, on the other hand, at the first opportunity they had, both took the Harvard's water and gave the latter their wash. There is no doubt but that the defeat of the Harvard crew was owing to the illness of Messrs. Loring and Simmons. These gentlemen were overtrained; but this was necessitated by the work needed by Fay and Lyman.

#### THE STROKE.

The "style" of the Harvard, although better suited for the tide-way practice on the Charles than for the rapid current of the Thames, was not changed. They employed the same stroke they always use. The Oxford rowed with a mechanical accuracy truly marvellous. The Harvard stroke was less regular. The following

is a comparison of the numbers of the strokes per minute rowed by each crew, taken on board the Umpire's boat:—

Minutes.	Oxford.	Harvard.
1 . . . . .	42 . . . . .	46 . . . . .
2 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	42 . . . . .
3 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	42 . . . . .
4 . . . . .	38 . . . . .	40 . . . . .
5 . . . . .	38 . . . . .	40 . . . . .
6 . . . . .	38 . . . . .	40 . . . . .
7 . . . . .	38 . . . . .	38 . . . . .
8 . . . . .	38 . . . . .	37 . . . . .
9 . . . . .	38 . . . . .	40 . . . . .
10 . . . . .	38 . . . . .	40 . . . . .
11 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	40 . . . . .
12 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	39 . . . . .
13 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	37 . . . . .
14 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	38 . . . . .
15 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	37 . . . . .
16 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	39 . . . . .
17 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	38 . . . . .
18 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	39 . . . . .
19 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	39 . . . . .
20 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	38 . . . . .
21 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	39 . . . . .
22 . . . . .	40 . . . . .	37 . . . . .

THE TIME WAS AS FOLLOWS:—

	H.	M.	S.
Start . . . . .	5	14	6½
Arrival—Oxford . . . . .	5	36	47
„ Harvard . . . . .	5	36	53

DURATION OF RACE.

	M.	S.
Oxford . . . . .	22	40½
Harvard . . . . .	22	46½

Difference of time in favor of Oxfords, six seconds.

THE OXFORD CREW.

It may not be uninteresting to give an account of some of the races in which the Oxford men took part previous to this great contest.

Tinné, the present captain of the O. U. B. C., rowed in the Eton Eight at Henly in 1865 and 1866. Going up to University College, he rowed in the Oxford Eight in 1867, and the two following years. He took part in each of the same years in the Henley Regatta, twice as a member of the Etonian Club, and once in the University College Crew, and again this year, and was also one of the winning Etonian crew at Paris in '67.

Darbishire, the stroke of the Oxford Four, came in 1865 from London University School to Oxford, when he became a member of Balliol College. He rowed in the trial eights of '67 and '68, and was stroke of the Oxford Eight in '68 and '69. He has also rowed in his college eights, fours, and torpid, and has sculled at some minor regattas.

Yarborough, who became a member of Lincoln College in '66, though he was at Eton, left before he had ever rowed in the Eton Eight. He rowed successively in his college torpid, eight, and four, and in the trial eights of '67 and '68, and in the Oxford Eight of '68 and '69. He has also distinguished himself as a sculler, having won the Oxford University sculls in '69, though defeated for this race, as well as for the Diamond Sculls in '68 by Mr. Crofts.

Willan, the president of the O. U. B. C. in '67 and '68, rowed in the Eton Eight of '63 and '64, and at Henley won the Grand Challenge Cup no less than four times; viz., in the Kingston Club in '65 and '66, and in the Oxford Etonian Club '67 and '68. He was also a member of the winning Etonian crew at Paris in '67, and has rowed successfully in the Oxford Eight in '66, '67, '68, and '69. He rowed in the trial eights of '65, and has rowed in his college eight and four. He has been successful as a sculler at various regattas, winning the open prize at Tewkesbury in '66, and several other scullers' as well as four-oared and paired-oared prizes.

Hall, the coxswain of the Oxford Four, had never steered before he came to Oxford in 1865. Since then he has steered the Corpus torpid and eight.

A FEW REMARKS.

The result was a great disappointment, not only to every Harvard man, but to the country at large; but, when we come to consider the facts, it seems to us wonderful, not that the Oxfords beat, but that they beat by so little. Let us consider the circumstances. Here at Harvard our crews have to be picked out of a small proportion of five hundred men, many of whom never touched an oar before coming to college. At Oxford, on the contrary, there is an open choice of a great proportion of about a thousand men, whose life since childhood has been a course of athletic training. Assuredly, our defeat in England is something to be scarcely less proud of than a victory, for which we may very reasonably hope in the future.

We must not omit to mention that, after the race, they dined with Mr. Phillips, at Mortlake, — the gentleman who gives an annual dinner to the Oxford and Cambridge crews, — with Mr. Morgan, successor to Mr. George Peabody, banker, and with the London Rowing Club. Of this dinner all the newspapers have full accounts. For the hospitality afforded by these gentlemen, every Harvard man should be grateful.

## THE HARVARD CREW IN NEW YORK.

ABOUT nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, Sept. 14, the Inman steamer, *City of Antwerp*, arrived off Quarantine in New-York Harbor. They were soon boarded by the Revenue officers, who had come from New York in their cutter, accompanied by Mr. T. Shea of the Gulick Boat Club of New York, who came to extend to the Harvard crew an invitation to dine at Delmonico's that evening with the Associate Boat Clubs of New York and vicinity. The original plan had been to proceed as quickly and as quietly as possible to Boston, but after some deliberation the offer was accepted. The Harvard party and their baggage were transferred to the Revenue boat, and taken directly to the steamer's pier, where, through the exertions of Mr. Shea, they escaped the terrible clutches of the greedy Custom-House officials, and were soon on their way to the Astor House. Mr. Stetson, with his usual liberality, made the party his guests, as he had done before when the crew were in New York, on the way to England. At the hotel, the chairman of the committee of the New-York Common Council waited on the crew, and invited them to visit the City Hall, and to take lunch there. On his departure, the committee of the Boston Common Council were ushered in, and formally tendered the hospitalities of the "Hub." The party then proceeded to the City Hall, where they were met by a deputation of aldermen, who, through their chairman, tendered the hospitalities of their city. The party was then taken through the Governor's room, and downstairs into a private apartment, where lunch was served, and a little more speech-making done. The party then returned to the hotel. Among the visitors at the Astor were quite a number of Harvard graduates, who, of course, were on hand as soon as they heard of the arrival of the crew. At 7 1-2 o'clock the carriages took the party to Delmonico's, where they found some two hundred gentlemen of the New-York boat-clubs to meet them. The clubs most prominently represented were the Nassau, Atlanta, Alcyone, and Gulick; although members of several others were present. The dining-hall

was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and Delmonico had prepared a choice repast, which was done full justice to. When the inner man had been satisfied, General Aspinwall, who presided, in a neat speech welcomed back to America the Harvard crew, and closed by offering as a toast, "The Harvard crew: God bless them!" This was responded to by Loring. After toasting the Oxford crew, which was responded to by General Parsons, of St. Louis, in the absence of the British consul, Blaikie was called upon, and gave a very interesting account of some of the most prominent features connected with the race, and the life at Putney. The cities of New York and Boston were then toasted; and, after more speeches and the reading of a letter from Henry Ward Beecher, who was unable to be present, the evening's festivities were closed.

On Wednesday night the Boston committee escorted the members of the crew to the Fall River boat, where they provided them with a fine supper, and accompanied them to Boston. They extended an invitation to the crew, in behalf of the city, to a dinner; but it has now been postponed until the arrival home of Burnham, Lyman, Bass, and Rice, next week. We would take this opportunity of thanking the gentlemen of the New-York boat-clubs for the very generous manner in which they have received our crew; making them feel that, although they have not achieved a victory, yet their efforts towards that end have been duly appreciated.

*Pickens*

A MEETING of the boating interest of the Freshman Class was held Wednesday, Sept. 15th, at which the following were elected officers of the Class Boat Club:—

*President*, O. T. Johnson; *Captain*, G. H. Bryant, Jr.; *Secretary*, J. Lyman; *Treasurer*, T. Daland.

At a meeting of the Base Ball interest of the Freshman Class, on Friday, Sept. 17th, the following officers of the Ball Club were elected:—

*Captain*, J. N. Swift; *Directors*, J. C. Goodwin, H. M. Johnson, E. B. Nelson, J. B. White.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Name.	Room.
C. E. Abbott . . . . .	E. M. Abbott's.
C. D. Adams . . . . .	Mrs. Adams's.
Alden . . . . .	—
E. A. Angell . . . . .	11 Harvard Block.
F. F. Ayre . . . . .	Mrs. E. Brown's.
L. H. Babcock . . . . .	S. 4.
O. H. Badger, Jr. . . . .	Mrs. Beal's.
T. W. Baldwin, Jr. . . . .	Rev. S. W. Hanks's.
W. T. Barker . . . . .	Rev. G. Waters's.
C. E. Batchelder . . . . .	Mrs. French's.
J. A. Beatley . . . . .	Chelsea.
W. A. Bell . . . . .	C. H. 30.
E. D. Bettens . . . . .	S. 2.
F. H. Bicknell . . . . .	Somerville.
F. H. Bigelow . . . . .	S. 1.
J. C. J. Brown, Jr. . . . .	Mrs. Elliott's.
J. Bryant . . . . .	Mrs. Withey's.
C. P. E. Burgwyn . . . . .	S. 17.
H. Burnett . . . . .	Miss Colman's.
C. P. Button . . . . .	Rev. Dr. Newall's.
W. F. Cheney . . . . .	G. Burbank's.
A. G. Church . . . . .	G. 15.
F. H. Copeland . . . . .	Mrs. Elliott's.
J. C. Croswell . . . . .	Rev. A. Croswell's.
J. F. Crowley . . . . .	G. 35.
T. Delano . . . . .	G. 20.
R. Dickey . . . . .	Mr. Brown's.
E. S. Dodge . . . . .	Mr. J. C. Dodge's.
J. C. Dodge . . . . .	Mrs. Withey's.
W. W. Dorr . . . . .	Harvard Block.
W. B. H. Douse . . . . .	H'y 18.
J. A. Estabrooks . . . . .	Mrs. Buckland's.
O. H. Everett . . . . .	Rev. O. C. Everett's.
L. B. Fisk . . . . .	S. F. Rugg's.
B. W. Flaggy . . . . .	Mr. W. Flaggy's.
W. J. G. Fogg . . . . .	S. 20.
F. P. Forster . . . . .	Mrs. Rugg's.
A. D. Foster . . . . .	G. 1.
F. H. Foster . . . . .	H'y 3.
S. W. French . . . . .	C. H. 18.
C. A. Gambrill . . . . .	H'y 19.
J. E. Garland . . . . .	J. V. Bates's.
F. E. Gavin . . . . .	Mrs. Rice's.
C. W. Goodrich . . . . .	Cambridgeport.
J. C. Goodwin . . . . .	S. 17.
R. Grant . . . . .	H'y 9.
Gove . . . . .	—
B. M. Groton . . . . .	J. V. Bates's.
E. Gunn, Jr. . . . .	S. 3.
C. P. Hall . . . . .	H'y 1.
C. A. Ham . . . . .	Norris Block.
Haven . . . . .	—
J. P. Hawes, Jr. . . . .	H'y 1.
H. H. Haynes . . . . .	Mr. Berry's.
Hayward . . . . .	—
W. C. Hill . . . . .	Mr. A. Morgan's.
Horton . . . . .	—
A. A. Houghton . . . . .	G. 11.
F. J. Hovey . . . . .	Mrs. Bixby's.
O. T. Howe . . . . .	Mr. Howe's.
F. A. Hubbard . . . . .	Mrs. H. H. Fox's.
H. G. Hubbard . . . . .	2 Norris Block.
W. D. Hunt . . . . .	Mrs. Mullen's.
E. C. Ingalls . . . . .	S. 19.
J. F. Jackson . . . . .	Mrs. H. H. Fox's.
G. H. Johnson . . . . .	Dr. H. F. Johnson's.
H. M. Johnson . . . . .	Miss S. P. Colburn's.
O. T. Johnson . . . . .	G. 6.

Name.	Room.
F. P. Jones . . . . .	Mr. Withey's.
F. Kehler . . . . .	39 Brattle St.
C. E. Kelley . . . . .	S. 18.
H. S. Kilby . . . . .	Mr. Eaton's.
J. L. Laughlin . . . . .	Mr. Jones's.
W. C. Lawton . . . . .	Cambridgeport.
G. Lee . . . . .	Mr. H. L. Stewart's.
I. N. Lewis . . . . .	Miss M. B. Gregg's.
J. O. Lincoln . . . . .	Mrs. Cleveland's.
E. Lord . . . . .	M. 24.
G. H. Lyman, Jr. . . . .	G. 20.
J. Lyman . . . . .	Mr. Jas. M. Howe's.
M. J. McCann . . . . .	2 Eliot St.
C. A. Mackintosh . . . . .	Mr. Merrill's.
Madden . . . . .	—
A. A. Martin . . . . .	C. H. 24.
F. O. Mendum . . . . .	Mr. Lougis's.
W. Miller . . . . .	H. 1.
Mills . . . . .	—
C. B. Moore . . . . .	Mrs. Buckland's.
C. S. Moore . . . . .	Mr. Lougis's.
R. B. Moreson . . . . .	H. 19.
S. L. Morison . . . . .	Mr. Franklin's.
J. Murdock, Jr. . . . .	Mr. Skinner's.
H. W. Myers . . . . .	H. 17.
R. W. Nason . . . . .	J. V. Bates's.
E. B. Nelson . . . . .	Mr. B. S. Whitney's.
J. M. Olmstead . . . . .	C. H. 24.
H. T. Ordway . . . . .	S. 18.
L. S. Osborne . . . . .	Mrs. L. A. Harvey's.
C. H. Otis . . . . .	Norris Block.
Parsons . . . . .	—
J. F. Paul, Jr. . . . .	Mrs. Baker's.
H. P. Pendery . . . . .	A. Morgan's.
C. E. Perkins . . . . .	5 Willow Street.
G. A. A. Pevey . . . . .	Rev. S. W. Hanks's.
D. L. Pickman . . . . .	C. Stratton's.
C. A. Pitkin . . . . .	Mrs. Eaton's.
E. R. Pratt . . . . .	H. 17.
P. S. Pratt . . . . .	S. 19.
J. V. Prichard . . . . .	Littlefield's.
C. A. Prince . . . . .	S. 17.
W. A. Purrington . . . . .	Mrs. Rice's.
W. Raymond . . . . .	Mr. E. Raymond's.
L. C. Redfield . . . . .	C. H. 18.
E. G. Reynolds . . . . .	Mrs. K. Atkinson's.
A. C. Richardson . . . . .	S. 1.
M. H. Richardson . . . . .	G. 28.
G. W. Rogers . . . . .	Mrs. Freeman's.
C. T. Russell . . . . .	Mr. C. T. Russell's.
J. O. Shaw . . . . .	H'y 1.
J. M. Sheahan . . . . .	Miss Sullivan's.
F. B. Shepley . . . . .	G. 28.
M. A. Shumway . . . . .	H. 2.
J. F. Simmons . . . . .	H. 2.
F. Snow . . . . .	C. H. 3.
E. E. Spring . . . . .	Mrs. Buckland's.
F. D. Stackpole . . . . .	J. May's.
H. B. Stone . . . . .	M. 8.
F. W. Story . . . . .	Mr. J. Story's.
J. S. Swain . . . . .	G. 46.
M. H. Swett . . . . .	Mr. J. V. Bates's.
T. N. Swift . . . . .	H'y 18.
C. F. Tarbell . . . . .	C. H. 30.
W. Thomas . . . . .	M. 8.
A. H. Thompson . . . . .	Mrs. Baker's.
F. B. Townsend . . . . .	Mr. S. T. Farwell's.
J. P. Trott . . . . .	G. 11.
J. L. Tyler . . . . .	H. 18.
E. P. Usher . . . . .	S. 2.

Name.	Room.
G. G. Walbach . . . . .	S. 4.
G. Walker . . . . .	H'y 9.
A. L. Ware . . . . .	2 Bow Street.
J. W. Warren . . . . .	Mrs. C. C. Baker's.
T. B. Warren . . . . .	S. 3.
A. F. Washburn . . . . .	Prof. Washburn's.
T. R. Watson . . . . .	M. 24.
G. R. Wheelock . . . . .	C. H. 8.
E. P. White . . . . .	_____
H. S. White . . . . .	_____
J. B. White . . . . .	Mr. J. Franklin's.
H. Whittemore . . . . .	Mrs. Buckland's.
G. D. Wildes . . . . .	Mrs. French's.
D. W. Williams, Jr. . . . .	_____
B. W. Willson . . . . .	H. 3.
Worcester . . . . .	_____
E. Young . . . . .	S. 20.

NOTE. — Names with no initials prefixed, or rooms assigned, are those of students who have not reported themselves since they passed their examination for admission.

#### ATOMS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO., the great English publishers, have made a large donation of some of their most elegant and best publications to the Library. This generosity deserves the thanks of all, whether undergraduates or not, who rejoice in the prosperity of the Library. Such kindness from a source so far away cannot fail to meet appreciation here.

IN the next number of this paper will appear a full and complete list of all the Society and Club officers for the present term.

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OWING to a delay in making out the accounts, we are unable to give reports of the games of ball played by the Nine at the end of last term. They will be given in full in the next issue.

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3t—June 11

J. H. HUBBARD.—HIS COLUMN.

EDS. ADVOCATE, — The following letter is an exact copy of the one received by me. From inquiries which I have made, I am satisfied that the writer was of sound mind and unimpaired judgment to the last, although much depressed, as if conscious of having committed some deep wrong.

BOSTON, 7th Aug. 1869.

MR. J. H. HUBBARD.

DEAR SIR, — I shall never go down any more. I hereby renounce the diving business. The doctor says fairly and squarely that my lungs won't hold out a week longer, so I may as well make a clean breast of it. I never could get the hang of this new-fangled armor, with windows in front like a pilot-box, so by practice I could stay down a long time without apparatus: it is more convenient, unless you get water in your chest, as I did at Worcester. This is the way it was. I was hired by a betting man to spoil the Yale's race for them. I had \$200 for the job; and little enough it was, seeing how it turned with me. When the boats drew up ready to start, I swam under; and, while all were watching for the "Go!" carefully fastened a drag under the bow of the Yale boat. It was a small thing, but in three miles would make half a minute's difference. I then got away, and, when the boats came home, got under again, and removed the improvement. I have doctored boats this way before. I don't think another man in the country knows the trick of doing it, and I don't want they should. I took my bed next day, and here I am; very troubled in my mind, and it being some relief to think that you will let this my confession be known, and, asking forgiveness of those I have injured,

Yours, till death, which is near,

R. C. S.—

It is none too late to drink

*Hubbard's Ice-Cream Soda,*

which is a cheerful, temperate beverage, admirably in accordance with the liberal and advanced ideas by which we are surrounded. Although some products of *rye* are prohibited, there is no trouble in getting RYAN'S GREEN SEAL and PERIQUE TOBACCOS, the best strong tobaccos in use. Nor MT. VERNON, good and cheap; nor REAL LONE JACK, nor TURKISH.

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CARD.

I beg leave to inform the public that I have taken charge of the REVERE HOUSE HAIR-DRESSING SALOON, and I propose to carry on the business on the plan adopted in the Tremont House Saloon, where for the past eight years, by strict attention to business, and a careful study of my patrons' wishes, I have endeavored to deserve the liberal favors which I have received.

The Saloon has been newly refitted, painted, and decorated; and particular pains have been taken to engage none but the most skilful assistants in the business. The strictest cleanliness will be observed throughout, so as to make it a place in every way worthy the patronage of gentlemen.

Thanking the public for their patronage, I hope, by always studying the wishes of visitors to my saloons, to merit in future a continuance of their favor.

LOUIS P. OBER.

Boston, Aug. 28, 1869.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

Oct. 2

# THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. VIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 1, 1869.

No. II.

## SONGS.

### A LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

LITTLE brown path, do you remember,  
Six months ago, when we walked here?  
Then it was June, and now it's November;  
Then all was lovely that now is drear.

I have loved you since, you little brown path;  
You were the only witness, you see;  
You alone heard, as we walked o'er the swath,  
The words that my darling whispered to me.

In a week, she is coming again, —  
Coming, to stay on her lover's breast;  
Coming, in spite of November's rain; —  
Little brown path, you can guess the rest.

And the day that makes me happy for life  
Shall see you a sharer with me, too;  
For, as soon as she is my own sweet wife,  
We will walk once more, little path, in you.

### QUEEN MAB.

ALL loosely waved her hair of brown,  
Her sweet, clear eyes were soft and bright;  
Beside the sadly murmuring sea,  
She first appeared, to gladden me, —  
A spirit and a sprite.

She was all lovely things to me,  
I felt my inmost heart rejoice;  
Her dainty little scarlet dress  
Made radiant her loveliness;  
Bird-songs were in her voice.

Ah, lovely fairy, roam away, —  
Yet flit at times across my view!  
Queen Mab, if I could make you mine,  
If I my soul could so refine  
As to be worthy you!

## DEAR LITTLE ELINOR.

DEAR little Elinor, why will you  
Do pretty things, and know you do them?  
Because, laughs she, the things I do  
Make you more mine, though you see through them.

Dear little Elinor, now, if you  
Really love me, why don't you show it?  
Because, laughs she, whatever I do  
Makes you firmly convinced that you know it.

Dear little Elinor, say, have you  
A heart, at all, for a faithful lover?  
To find out that, laughs she, pursue  
Me all your life, and you may discover.

## LE DESIR.

SHE waltzes and waltzes: I stand by the door,  
And never must look on my darling one more.  
My darling! my darling! — I say the words o'er:  
It is the last time, — I shall say them no more.

Yet, ere my loving  
For ever fly past,  
She must give me one waltz:  
It will be the last.

Ah! — now I float like a god: do not speak;  
Her breath and her hair just velvet my cheek;  
That wonderful gold hair now sweeps o'er my shoulder,  
Half hiding my love, — I but dimly behold her.

Oh, that for ever  
This wild waltz might last!  
That we might not sever  
Till dying were past! —

Cruel! — it ceases; the music is o'er.  
My darling, my darling, you will see me no more!

## GOLDEN HAIR.

THERE was a maid with golden hair  
That fell about her like a veil;  
And he was brave, and she was fair,  
And against love who can prevail?  
He loved her, but his country called;  
He left her for the fray;  
And so, alone at home she dwelt,  
And thought of him so far away.

She wove her hair into a cloak,  
And sent it to her lover dear;  
A sword the golden meshes broke,  
That to his gallant heart came near.  
When he returned, his steps he took  
To her, no longer fair;  
But soon the maiden he forsook,  
Because she'd lost her golden hair.

## SUNDAYS AT CAMBRIDGE.

WE are accustomed to regard that half of our number who are allowed to spend their Sundays at home, as particularly lucky. Students living in Boston and its suburbs hold this privilege secure, while those who live at a greater distance, may, by good luck, or a skilful choice of electives, occasionally enjoy it. But, after all, do they not lose one of the pleasantest parts of college life?

On Saturday afternoons there is never lack of occupation; for, besides the demands of boating, ball, and cricket, there are always a quantity of things, which have accumulated through the week, that must be done; and we think that few who spend their Sundays at Cambridge find the Saturday afternoons too long.

Saturday nights (let them be kept sacred from all study), can only be fully appreciated at Cambridge. At our homes, or in town, it does not seem strange to have no work to do; but, in a college room, the feeling of perfect leisure that one has, as he sits down on Saturday night to enjoy his book or a quiet rubber of whist, is altogether one of the pleasantest things in the world. Every one then feels that he has a right to enjoy himself as much as he can, and is put in a good humor by the thought, "there can be no deads to-morrow." We would advise any

one who has never made the experiment, to try a Saturday night in Cambridge. Of course, it would be utterly forlorn to stay out here all alone; but get three or four pleasant fellows up in your room, and, while "the social hours swift-winged unnoticed fleet," you will pronounce it a pleasanter evening than you would have spent at the theatre, where one's enjoyment of the performance is always somewhat alloyed with the thought of the ride out in the horse-car.

Sunday itself is by no means a dull day here. There is walking (and by taking Brattle Street and Mt. Auburn Street on alternate Sundays you can make an agreeable variety in your walks), and reading and talking and smoking, to fill up the time left us by the two services.

The resolutions concerning attendance at church, proposed by President Eliot, will without doubt be adopted, after being referred to a few more committees; although we shall probably not receive the benefit of them during this term, at least. But whenever the change is made, and attendance at church is required only once a day, Sundays at Cambridge will become pleasanter than ever, in the enjoyment of our partial freedom.

Let us not envy those who can spend two days out of the seven at home, and thus lose half their relish for vacation. For our part, we should be sorry to regard Cambridge as our place of work only, and believe that the students are the more firmly united for the two days of recreation and rest spent together. *Swift*

## A FRESHMAN EXPERIENCE.

THE other night I found that I could speak of one of my most unlucky Freshman blunders with comparative calmness, nay, more, with enjoyment, of its absurdity. This I had expected would be the case some time; and in fact, immediately after my discovery of what I had done, I had drawn upon my scanty store of Latin, to the extent of quoting, —

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit,"

not expecting, however, that "olim" would come as soon as Senior year.

Many members of the present Senior Class will remember the production of Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, on which occasion a large number of amateur supernumeraries were dismissed from the stage which they so graced. It was on the previous night, in Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*, that I appeared as an Italian soldier. The illustrious Garibaldi had attired the four of us, who formed the body-guard of Signor Antonucci, in exceedingly thick red coats, and blue pantaloons, which I, from prudential motives, wore outside of my daily trousers. We were informed that Signor Antonucci would first request us, in Italian, to shoulder, and then to present arms. The first manœuvre I executed creditably enough; but, as he gave the second order, I recognized in a tall peasant near, a Sophomore who had treated me, the previous week, in what I still think was a very ungentlemanly manner. Unconsciously, I charged bayonets instead of presenting arms: an operation which caused Signor Antonucci to utter, in his melodious native tongue, words which I well understood the meaning of, though I had not then read the *Inferno*. To add to my discomfort, I suddenly caught sight of my father, who, seated in the balcony, appeared to be inspecting me through his glass.

Still, I resolved to enjoy myself in what I had always understood was the customary way; namely, to cultivate the acquaintance of the ladies of the ballet, who lend such a charm to the looks of the chorus. After much deliberation, for none of them were fair to see, I determined to make the acquaintance of a gorgeous brunette, whose appearance had struck me. She led the female supes, and looked as if she had won her proud position by physical prowess. We were all on the stage: the scene was the front of an Italian inn, which bore the name of

THE

BLACK HEN.

The chorus started a lively strain, so familiar to me, that I determined to join in with my voice (a baritone, of, as I trust, more sweetness than power) and aid the management as far as possible. Judge of my feelings when that gorgeous

brunette, with the typical Italian face, turned round to me, and said, in unmistakably Milesian accents, —

"Dhry up!"

I dried. What else could I do?

I should have mentioned before, that Garibaldi had insisted on making up each of his soldiers, with red noses and burnt cork moustaches, in conformity with popular stage traditions. I was very late in getting to the supes' dressing-room; and, fearful of losing the last car, I hurried on my overcoat, and rushed away.

It was morning. The hoar frost gleamed in the cold sunlight, and it was a remarkably nipping and eager air. I arose as the second bell was just beginning to ring. I had cut so many prayers, that I did not dare to cut again. Two-thirds dressed, I rushed to the chapel, determining to return immediately after I had shuffled off the coil of devotional exercise, and to go to breakfast late. In prayers, I noticed that the Professor of Cosmogony glared at me, and that several of my classmates smiled. When I returned to my room, and caught sight of myself in the glass, I perceived the reason.

*I had gone to prayers with the inflamed nose, and the burnt cork moustache!*

To bring this relation to an artistic conclusion, I suppose I ought to state, that I received deductions, in large numbers, for what I had done. But, luckily for me, the doings of the Harvard Faculty are not always artistic. Through some accident I escaped punishment, though the prospect of it hung over my head for some time.

The moustache was quickly wiped away. No successor to it has yet arrived, but Haddow sures me that one shall be with me by Class Day.

'70.

OUR YALE LETTER.

YALE COLLEGE, Sept. 28, 1869.

DEAR ADVOCATE, — Yale to Harvard greeting! We offer our most hearty congratulations, on the hard-fought battle, in which our British brethren, though victorious, were compelled to acknowledge the enterprise and endurance of

their antagonists. And, without reviewing the many possibilities and probabilities of success in case of a trial in American waters, we accord our meed of praise, to your gallant crew.

The Worcester regatta, though a sore subject for Yale men to discuss, needs a passing notice. To say that we were disappointed at the result, would be but feebly to express the chagrin that the whole college felt. It seemed to be a foregone conclusion, that under the existing circumstances Yale must win. Defeat was a possibility not to be considered. But a succession of blunders on our side, and the plucky, persevering, almost dogged pulling on yours, soon showed us that our "high-blown pride" had misled us.

Our term began on the 16th inst. The Freshmen, when all their "conditions" are made up, will probably number in the neighborhood of one hundred and sixty. They are by no means neglected by the Sophomores, who seem determined to keep up the good old custom of "making night hideous" to all college, and particularly to the new-comers, in spite of their solemn pledge, given in black and white, about a year since, when they were yet in the "gall of (Freshman) bitterness." Their motto evidently is, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutemur in illis." The ears of irate upper-class men are nightly assailed by the rallying cries of "'72! '73!" while the time-honored 'Alala, "Bingo," is sung in many keys, to the dulcet accompaniment of tin horns.

As for the upper classes, the Juniors are beginning to see the precise point "where the laugh comes in," on the little witticisms regarding "Junior ease," "forty weeks of holiday," &c. The Seniors are enjoying the proverbial "otium cum dignitate," which is supposed necessarily to attach to the "grave and reverend." The President is instructing them in political economy, while Professor Porter is guiding them through the metaphysical labyrinth of his work on "The Human Intellect."

The "Farnham Dormitory," now in process of erection in the north-east part of the college square, promises to be a fine addition to the College, both in appearance and in its almost perfect adaptation to its purpose. It will probably

be completed in season for '71 to draw their Senior rooms therein.

The corner-stone of the new Theological Hall was laid by President Woolsey last week, with appropriate ceremonies. This edifice will be a great ornament to New Haven, and will materially improve the prospects of that department of the University.

More anon.

Nv.

## COMMUNICATION.

*To the Editor of the Advocate.*

DEAR SIR,—As articles have appeared in several of the Boston papers to the effect that the Eleven who lost the Cricket Match last Saturday, with the Harvard Cricket Club, were not representatives of the "Winnisimmet Eleven of Chelsea," allow me to state that no such objection was raised by them before the match, nor during the first innings, when they were victorious; but that, on the contrary, they obliged the Harvard men against their will to play a match-game, — i.e., ball for ball, — when the latter signified their wish that it should only be a practice game. We regret that such articles should have appeared, for cricket is a game which generally tends to promote good-will among its devotees, and should especially do so when so little supported and encouraged as it is in its present state in this country.

HARVARD.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 29, 1869.

## BASE BALL.

### HARVARD vs. FAIRMOUNT.

THE return match between the Harvards and the Fairmounts, of Marlborough, came off Saturday. The issue of the game was evident from the beginning, the Nine being in excellent play, and the two raw men, Goodwin and White, giving most gratifying evidence of ability for their positions.

The following is the score:—



Harvard.

	O.	R.
Eustis, R. . . . .	3	4
Wells, M. . . . .	4	3
Perrin, A. . . . .	4	4
Bush, H. . . . .	1	7
Austin, S. . . . .	3	4
Goodwin, P. . . . .	3	5
Reynolds, 3 . . . . .	4	4
White, C. . . . .	0	7
Minot, L. . . . .	5	2
	27	40

Fairmount.

	O.	R.
Felton, P. . . . .	2	3
Madden, S. . . . .	2	2
Smith, 2. . . . .	3	1
H. Brigham, L. . . . .	4	1
Hudson, M. . . . .	4	1
Allen, C. . . . .	2	2
A. Brigham, R. . . . .	3	1
Russell, 3. . . . .	3	2
W. Brigham, I. . . . .	4	1
	27	14

Innings.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Harvard . . . . .	0	4	3	6	6	1	7	6	7—40
Fairmount . . . . .	0	2	0	0	3	0	7	2	0—14

Home runs: Fairmount, Madden, 1; Harvard, Bush, 1, White, 1, —2.

HARVARD vs. LOWELL.

THE first of the series of three games, to be played between the Harvard and Lowell Clubs, came off on Saturday, Sept. 25th, at the Union grounds.

The Harvards were ahead throughout the game, and beat without difficulty. The batting of our Nine was excellent; the fielding was also very good. Mr. Burdett of the Somerset Club acted as umpire.

The following is the score:—

Harvard.

	O.	R.
Eustis, R. . . . .	3	4
Wells, M. . . . .	4	3
Perrin, A. . . . .	6	2
Bush, H. . . . .	3	5
Austin, S. . . . .	1	7
Goodwin, P. . . . .	1	6
Reynolds, 3 . . . . .	4	3
White, C. . . . .	3	4
Minot, L. . . . .	2	5
	27	39

Lowell.

	O.	R.
Lovett, P. . . . .	4	2
Joslin, 3 . . . . .	3	1
Alline, L. . . . .	2	3
Rogers, A. . . . .	2	3
Simmons, C. . . . .	3	1
Lowell, R. . . . .	4	0
Briggs, M. . . . .	2	3
Mason, H. . . . .	3	2
Dillingham, S. . . . .	4	1
	27	16

Innings.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Harvard . . . . .	6	2	4	5	5	2	2	5	8—39
Lowell . . . . .	2	1	2	1	0	1	2	2	5—16

CRICKET.

THE Harvard Eleven played a match, Saturday afternoon, with the second eleven of the Winnisimmet Club, assisted by Mr. Eastwood, their professional player.

There was some very good playing on both sides. The Harvards won by 36 runs, the score standing: Harvards, 164; Winnisimmetts, 128.

THE TRAVELLER ON HARVARD.

"HAZING.—It is announced in the papers that Bowdoin College has, by vigorous and decisive measures, suppressed the practice of 'hazing' in that institution. Will not Harvard College take immediate steps to find out how this was done? The practice in question prevails at Cambridge to an intolerable and shameful degree. Not mere annoyances, but gross abuses and injuries, to person and property, are daily and nightly practised upon Freshmen by the 'Sophs'; and this is generally continued through the whole of the first term. It is done so boldly and defiantly that the Faculty cannot be ignorant of what is passing; and yet they look on with an indifference which seems to give consent.

"Such abuses and breaches of the peace, if subject to the civil law, would lodge half the 'Sophs' in the House of Correction in one week. Has the Cambridge Faculty no jurisdiction in this matter? Must a hundred and fifty of their young men be turned loose upon as many new-comers, to commit, without check or hindrance, a series of mean and cowardly outrages, such as 'regulators' and 'guerillas' might be ashamed of? Other colleges have put a stop to this abuse. Is Harvard under any constitutional, inherent, or chronic weakness, that it cannot do the same?

"We call attention to the matter at this time, because we know worthy young men have been deterred from entering Harvard by this notorious evil, which we hear is quite as prevalent now as in any former years."—*Boston Daily Traveller*.

The above effusion needs no comment. It is so evidently a misrepresentation of facts, that, whether malicious or not, it is equally disgraceful to the journal in whose columns it appears. A respectable journal will neither calumniate, nor utter idle rumors as facts. So far from being worse than other colleges in this respect, Harvard has less hazing than any other of the half-dozen leading colleges of the country, unless we except the Cornell University. The punishments have, indeed, been too severe here, compared with the magnitude of the Sophomores' offences. No act of cruelty, few acts that could by any possibility be construed into more than mere boyish hilarity, have taken place here during the last four years; and yet the punishments have been severe to the last extent. As for the "worthy young men" of the *Traveller's* acquaintance, we would merely say, in the words of *Rip Van Winkle*, "we're better mit'out 'em."

And, young as we are, we would mildly suggest to the *Traveller*, that articles like the above, though they may have been written in ignorance of the facts, look very much like manifestations of the pitiful jealousy of the half-educated toward the educated.

*Lucy '76*

### THE HUMBOLDT CELEBRATION.

THE centennial anniversary of the birth of Alexander von Humboldt, under direction of the Boston Society of Natural History, may at first thought hardly seem a topic for our college paper. But all who entered the crowded Music Hall on that afternoon, must have seen how active a part our University was taking in the Celebration. Prominent on the platform were our President and Dr. Walker; while the cynosure of all eyes was the genial face of our learned Professor of Zoölogy and Geology. On the floor of the house our Faculty was well represented. Again we were recalled to Cambridge, when, in the tempestuous labyrinth of Bach's Toccata in F,

we recognized Mr. Paine's playing. Lachner's Hymn to Music was sung with great precision and sweetness, by picked voices from the Orpheus and other German Clubs. Then followed a short and appropriate prayer by Dr. Walker. The overture to the Magic Flute was spiritedly given by a German orchestra.

Professor Agassiz, as he stepped forward to read his oration, was greeted with hearty applause. His oration, entirely free from all rhetorical efforts, was grand in its dignified simplicity, becoming both to the subject and to the speaker.

The oration, mainly a synopsis of the life and character of Humboldt, was interspersed with personal reminiscences of the author. One was impressed with the conviction of how fully the speaker was imbued with the same noble spirit which had animated his predecessor in his trials and triumphs; a glimpse of which was unconsciously opened, in speaking of the sympathy which the Great Naturalist had extended to Professor Agassiz, when as a youth in Paris he was struggling to make his way in the world. Speaking of the German Universities, Professor Agassiz attributed much of Humboldt's broad and liberal education to the freedom permitted him at college in choosing his own course of study: he also drew an interesting picture of the pleasant social relations between the professors and the students, showing how advantageous to both parties such an intercourse is.

The celebration closed with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and two part songs by the chorus.

In the evening a reception was held in Horticultural Hall, at which several addresses were made, bringing forward many interesting facts in regard to Humboldt. The pecuniary result of the Celebration goes to establish a Humboldt scholarship at Cambridge.

MR. HUBBARD'S cat has had kittens. They are, as might be expected from their birthplace being where it is, very amusing animals, with almost perfect intelligence. The subtle wit of this remark will be detected after close study.

### THE THAYER CLUB.

THE Thayer Club is thriving and prosperous this term. A considerable reduction in the price of board has already been made, and the fare is as good as it has usually been before.

Some needed improvements have been made, and are now making. Two rooms have been finished in the attic; and an ice-closet is to be built in the interior of the building, which is likely to pay for itself ere long. Toward these improvements, Mr. Thayer has already given one thousand dollars, and the remaining expenses are to be defrayed by the Club.

New cooking-apparatus has also been added during the vacation. We congratulate the new steward upon his successful beginning.

### TO SENIORS.

WE call the attention of Seniors to the advertisement of Messrs. Sarony & Co., who have the reputation of being among the first photographers in the country. They took '69 at Yale and West Point, and their success led to the establishment of a special college department. Their agent, lately here, talked with some of the Seniors about obtaining the contract for '70. He promises to give better pictures than those of any previous class, charging a little more. There is much room for improvement, and it seems as if few would hesitate at the slight advance necessary. He promises to establish a light for pictures here; and that Mr. Sarony (some of whose work, which we have seen, is unequalled) will personally attend to each sitting.

He desires to obtain the contract now, so as to take the outside views in the mellow October light, the best in the year. To do this a special class-meeting would be necessary, to meet the agent, hear his offers, and close with him if they were satisfactory. We invite consideration and discussion of this question.

### BARBARA'S SERENADE.

#### AN ARLINGTON STORY.

BARBARA lives at the foot of the hill,  
And it lately has been the neighbors' talk,  
That they don't understand why the college boys will  
Come by Barbara's house for their evening walk.  
It is far from the College, they must be late,  
When back to their rooms they begin to go;  
And the view (pronounced *vue*) is nothing great; —  
Oh, isn't it, neighbors? That's all you know.

The other night, about half-past ten,  
Mrs. Peasley, who lives across the street,  
Heard a noise, and stuck out her head;  
An astonishing sight her eyes did greet,  
For there were three forms which looked like men.  
Mrs. Peasley watched them from afar,  
And heard them say "Ready!" and "Go it!" and then,  
They sang, in turn, while one played the guitar.

#### FIRST STUDENT.

Barbara, would that the rays of love,  
Which have their origin in my eyes,  
Might be refracted into your heart,  
So I could see whose image there lies!  
Through the lens of thy beauty judge of my love,  
For in direct proportion are they;  
And no illusion shall ever move  
Thy picture from memory's glass away.

#### SECOND STUDENT.

Barbara, know that in Latin your name  
Signifies cruel and hard of heart;  
Don't act up to its meaning, I beg,  
But come, and be my essential part.  
Love can drive the mightiest mad;  
Woman can do as she likes with us;  
Why, since I've met you, I find I'm glad  
Whenever my Latin is barbarous.

#### THIRD STUDENT.

All love is some madness, so they say;  
And your bright eyes have played me such tricks,  
That now, in my philosophical brain,  
Logic and love have begun to mix.  
Vainly I try to study o'er  
The book, which once was my guiding star;  
I feel I shall never learn any thing more,  
For, in Logic, I stop at BARBARA.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the sewing-circle, the very next day,  
Mrs. Peasley related what had occurred;  
Upon which, several ladies were heard to say,  
"I declare!" "Did you ever!" "Upon my word!"  
But one old lady quite laughed to see  
What reproaches on Barbara they let fall;  
And told me, in confidence, "Her idee  
Was that they envied her, after all."

## HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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## A WORD OF THANKS.

PROFESSOR LOWELL has been engaged in conducting the recitations of the Seniors in French and German during the illness of Professor Cutler.

The return of the latter gentleman will not deprive us of this instruction; for Professor Lowell purposes reading Dante and other authors, in part, during the term. His readings

and general conversations occur on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week; and have been attended thus far by large numbers of the Seniors, who have shown great enthusiasm, and high appreciation of the invaluable privileges thus offered them. For our own part, we confess that these delightful evenings have done more than any other exercises of our whole college course to make us glad that we selected Harvard as our Alma Mater.

We are not going to attempt any laudations of the gifted scholar and gentleman, who imparts to the literary atmosphere of Cambridge so large an amount of oxygen. Our sole object in saying what we have, is to thank him for his kindness in giving us the benefit of that high literary culture which we have so long admired from a distance.

*Lucy*

## THE HISTORY OF CLASS DAY.

BOSTON, Sept. 27, 1869.

MY DEAR FRED;

With a few weeks' time in which to hunt up papers now thirty years old, and to correspond with men of mark now scattered all over this country, I could give you a statistical account, with chapter and verse, of the birth of the present customs, which have made Class Day the most charming of festivals (or, shall I accommodate myself to the language of the editors of the *Advocate*, and say "the loveliest" of them all?). Without attempting statistics, I can give you hints enough of some of the stages of the change from what was to what is, for you to work up to your heart's content.

I do not know when the custom of a valedictory oration and poem, distinct from Commencement, began. I think it had not begun in 1811, but I do not know. In 1815, our friend Dr. Palfrey was the Class poet. This is the earliest oration or poem which I happen to remember, but I do not think the custom began then. When I first attended Class Day, which was in the summer of 1835, the arrangements for the literary part of the performance were substantially the same as

now. The Class met in the morning, in one of the south rooms in University; a religious service was conducted by their own chaplain; they marched in procession to the President's house, and escorted him to the Chapel, where were prayers, oration, poem, and Class ode, as now. The exercises were generally called the valedictory exercises, and old-fashioned people called the day "Valedictory Day;" but we certainly called it "Class Day," also. In 1835, Benjamin Davis Winslow was the poet. He died only four years after, very much regretted. In 1837, I remember Hayward's oration and Hildreth's poem. Both of them died young. With these services in the Chapel, the authorized public exercises of the day were over. The Class supper was usually the same night, at some hotel in one of the neighboring towns. Observe, it was the last day of the term. The vacation of six weeks commenced at once, and Commencement came immediately after vacation.

There had grown up, however, a custom purely devilish, and I know not of how long standing, to which the afternoon was always given, connected with the dancing round the Liberty Tree. It was the same tree which you dance round now, though there was always learned discussion on the spot whether this were really "Liberty Tree," or "Rebellion Tree;" and whether a large elm-tree, which stands near the other front of Hollis, were really the "Liberty Tree." I need not say that I never heard this question alluded to, by any but Freshmen, at any other time than Class Day. As soon as dinner was over, all the undergraduates began to assemble around the tree, and in the back rooms of Stoughton and Hollis. The Seniors provided punch and brandy-and-water, in pails, which stood at the foot of the tree, and were steadily replenished all the afternoon; mugs *ad libitum* being also provided for all comers. There were singing, speaking, and dancing, intermingled with unlimited drinking, all the afternoon. Not the slightest effort was made to control or suppress this. It was the worst orgie of any kind that I ever saw anywhere. There was very little fun in it, no kind of system or traditional order; nothing but steady drinking,

and the consequent drunkenness. Please to observe that the general drinking customs of the undergraduates were not a bit worse than they are now, — probably, what they are like now, — and that this annual drunken fit was a complete interpolation.

When the Class of '38 were about to graduate, Mr. Quincy, the President, sent for their Class Committee, and asked them if nothing could be done to abate this nuisance. And Nathan Hale (the English Professor at Schenectady) told him that the Class Committee was as anxious as he to see an end to it, and, with the good-will of the College Government, would see what they could do. The President said that the Government would gladly co-operate with them; and it was then arranged that the Class should have permission to retain the service of the Band all day, and should omit the usual Bacchanalian appendages to the dancing round the tree. I think the Government undertook to pay the Band; and I hope this precedent is maintained to this day. The orator and poet of that year were the Rev. James Coolidge and Professor Lowell. I think the ode was by Rev. J. F. W. Ware; but of this I am not certain.

As soon, then, as the exercises in the Chapel were over, the Committee took the Band up in front of Stoughton, and set them playing. As soon as the belles of that day could finish their ice-cream and lemonade, they were taken entirely by surprise by being asked to go down and dance on that spot, since traditional for that purpose. Remember that this was in the fourth week of July, and you can imagine the fitness of the grass for dancing. The girls were all surprised; I think the Class were all surprised; certainly, all the undergraduates were surprised. Most of all, was the poor Boston Brigade Band surprised. They had come out from Boston, with their drums, bassoons, trombones, cornets, and other brass machines, to play a few staid marches, well pleased with themselves that they had got up *Fair Harvard*, which had been adapted as a college air only two years before. Most surprised of all, I say, were they, to be told that they were to play quadrilles and waltzes (the German then unknown) two or three hours of

that summer afternoon. However, they played, nothing wavering. We used to tell blood-thirsty stories of the state of their throats afterwards. The girls danced, nothing hesitating. Good old Mr. Quincy and his family, and the other ladies and gentlemen of Cambridge, as fast as they caught the rumor, came upon the scene, and, for aught I know, they all danced, too; and, at the end, the Seniors danced round the tree, all college danced round the tree, and the Seniors, as of old, proceeded and cheered the buildings. A spontaneous frolic, with all the success of spontaneous frolics! If I should say, "O matres pulchræ filiabus pulchriorēs," you would never print it in the *Advocate*, neither would you whip the words into the Horatian stanza for me. But we can think what we choose of the girls of that generation, and you can think what you choose of the generations of to-day. So spontaneous was the whole thing, — arranged, undoubtedly, by two or three bright people at some "treat," at the moment (word "spread" wholly modern, and then unknown), — that some of the nicest of girls and brightest of boys had gone off, here and there, on various larks, wholly ignorant of what they left at the centre of affairs.

This was the birth of the modern Class Day. The Class of '39, distinguished in this, as in all things else, took up the great experiment: cut the grass for dancing; erected a platform over the door of Stoughton; ordered stringed music for the flying feet; and asked the Helens, who are the mothers of to-day's Hermiones, to come to oration and poem prepared for dancing. After the services in the Chapel, the Class marched at once to the scene of the dancing; and then and there, I think, the entertainment of the afternoon began.\*

Shall I quote a scrap from a yellow note from the "loveliest" of her sex, written the day before

\* Thomas Davis, of Nantucket, was chaplain; John C. Adams, of New York, was the orator; E. E. Hale, of Boston, the poet; N. H. Morison, of the Peabody Institute, the writer of the ode; and Samuel Longfellow, of Cambridge, again, the writer of the supper song.

that Class Day, to the poet of the occasion? It seems Arcadian to-day.

"Can you not get the loan of a friend's room in Holworthy for the afternoon. It would be well to have some room, where you could take your friends in the afternoon, to see the fun, as the elders may not be able to stand it out."

Such was the prophecy of to-day.

If there is any gratitude in Universities, for this great innovation in college customs, the Class of 1839 will be printed, in coming Triennials, (with the Class of 1870) in letters of gold.

Truly and always yours,

FRED INGHAM.

#### THE GIFT OF THE FAIRIES.

'Twas the loveliest time of a midsummer morn,  
Ere the sky was new robed by the roseate dawn,  
And the fairies were perfectly mad with delight,  
For a child had been given to them that night.

For the maid that is born on a midsummer fair, —  
That festival-day of these creatures of air, —  
As she's borne toward the earth the fairies may seize,  
And fashion her figure and face as they please.

They had moulded her shape with their delicate hands,  
And, fluttering round her in jubilant bands,  
Were all in doubt as to what should be  
Their baby's complexion and color, you see.

Should she be dark, or should she be fair,  
The wee people debated in council there;  
But, though gravest opinions were multiplied,  
The weighty question could not decide.

And, while they were hovering there, the sun,  
Announcing his battle with darkness won,  
Lit up the whole heaven with rosy light,  
And gilded the clouds with his radiance bright.

So they tinted her cheeks with the Orient's hue,  
And her eyes with the zenith's ethereal blue;  
Her lips they touched with the morn's ruddy light,  
But her brows with a shade of the vanishing night.

And old Phœbus aids in the work at their call,  
And, streaming over and through them all,  
Lights up the hair of the babe they hold,  
And frames her face in a frame of gold.

So the fairies adopted the baby there,  
And named her "Maid of the Sunny Hair."  
To her mother they bore her that bright summer day,  
And promised a gift as they flitted away.

The years swept away, with their stealthy tread,  
While the elves kept watch round their darling's head;  
But they have not brought their promised boon,  
And now the babe is a maiden grown.

So they meet, one and all, in their favorite glade,  
To determine their present to give the maid,  
For tribute to her as their mortal queen,  
On the mystic day of her "Sweet Sixteen."

Many a plan for their gift has been shown,  
When Titania speaks from her moss-covered throne,—  
"We will give her a love that is strong and true,  
For a lasting pledge of our tribute due."

And all united in praising the thought,  
And, far and near, for this love they sought;  
Till they came and stole my heart away,  
And have brought it to you as their present to-day.

*Samuel J. 71*  
**Daniel Henry Davis,**

DIED SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1869.

—um schöne Stunden  
Vom Glück getauscht.

ELEVEN years ago, he took a little low seat near my table in the old school-house on the hill. Five years ago, he pressed my hand, and bade me good-by with quivering lip, as he left school for college. Last June, we talked long together of his future life, when, in a few months, his studies should be completed, and he should fix his home in a western city.

Yesterday, I stood by his open coffin, and with feelings too deep for tears looked for the last time upon the face of my dear pupil and friend. My thoughts flew back to the time when his gentle and affectionate ways and the sweet gravity of his boyish face strongly drew my heart to him. Those years of faithful industry and rapid growth in knowledge passed before me, not like a dream, but like a very present reality. I remembered how his character unfolded in beauty and nobleness from the time I first knew him. I thought of his manful struggles with difficulties from without, that would have crushed a less resolute soul; of his self-conquest, when at times despondency would come like a cloud upon his spirit; of his high hopes at last of a career of usefulness and honor in the profession of his choice; and finally of the just pride of relatives and friends, changed now to utter grief.

Farewell, dear pupil, friend, brother! God does not bestow all his gifts at once.

Ἄλλ' ὅπως ἅμα πάντα θεοὶ δόσαν ἀνθρώποις.

Here he denied thee length of years, but granted thee the richer dower of a spirit gentle, true, and good.

W. C. C.

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## ATOMS.

It is usually supposed that when a child — that is to say, a Freshman — becomes a man, — that is to say, a Senior, — he puts away childish things. Those whose ideas of correct conduct were shocked, at one of Professor Lovering's last lectures, by the childish conduct of certain members of the Class, must have been strongly impressed with the incompleteness of the transformation in these cases. It seems as if a better return might be made for Professor Lovering's courtesy and efforts to instruct and amuse, than the variety of noises promulgated on that occasion. We are sure that they were condemned by the body of the Class.

It was our fortune, last vacation, to hear the following dialogue between two negro minstrels, who were on the steamer *Providence*, coming from New York to Boston. It seems a dispute arose between them, as to which of them had played in the most places. At last, the first said, "I'll bet I've played where you never have."

2d Minstrel. — I don't believe it. Where?}

1st Minstrel. — Egypt.

2d Minstrel. — Egypt! Humbug!

1st Minstrel. — Yes, sir; I played in Egypt, in the Great Pyramid.

2d Minstrel. — What did you play in Egypt, I'd like to know?

1st Minstrel. — I played *faro*, of course.

CHARLES READE's new novel is, perhaps, the most artistic work he has ever written. For dramatic situation, brilliancy of style, and analysis of character, it cannot be surpassed by any work of any living author.

SELWYN's, as usual, is attracting large and brilliant audiences; among whom is the customary proportion of the Harvard youth. The company is very strong, and works splendidly. Miss Mary Wells and Miss Virginia Buchanan are vast improvements on their predecessors; but Miss Athena, though an addition, is not

an acquisition. Still we do miss Mrs. Chanfrau. At the Museum, we are promised soon some old comedies, with Warren in them. "Lord, hasten that bright day!" Lingard is doing well at his little burlesque theatre; and Maggie Mitchell is soon to reappear on the stage at the Boston Theatre, where we are to have also Jefferson, Booth, and the Parepa Opera Troupe. These, together with the production of *Formosa* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Selwyn's, offer us an attractive programme for the fall and winter seasons.

MESSRS. GAGE, PECKHAM, and PHELPS, who were connected with the *Advocate* in its infancy, are together in the Law Office of Hon. W. M. Evarts.

CONTRIBUTORS to the *Advocate* will please remember that, after the necessary reports of college events and the items of college news, articles discussing college topics are most to be desired; that articles on abstract themes are not particularly popular; and that the proportion of poetry to prose in what we have sent us is the same as that of the water to the land on this terrestrial ball. The principal rule to be kept in mind, when any college topic is to be discussed, is that brevity is the soul of wit.

PRESIDENT ELIOT is doing great things for the College and for the students. If he had, however, read the *Advocate* carefully, we think we might look forward to the prospect of a reading-room in Nos. 1 and 3 Hollis.

PRESIDENT ELIOT's inauguration is to take place on Tuesday, October 19th,

We are happy to state that the Latin oration, at the Inauguration of President Eliot, will be delivered by Mr. John Silas White. This honor, great as it is, could be nowhere more worthily bestowed.

ATOM presents the two following epitaphs, on husband and wife, as specimens of funereal orthography in 1791 and 1811: —

"Who labour'd hard in a rough soil,  
 The desert to subdue,  
 He liv'd in bloom till 46,  
 And bid the world adue."

"She liv'd a long in weddowhood  
 Full 20 years or more.  
 The Bible was her greatest theme,  
 Till time with her was ore."

Atom also, during the vacation, came across the following affecting LEG.

CAPT.

SAMUEL JONES, LEG, WHICH

WAS AMPUTATED.

July 7, 1804."

## BOOK NOTICES.

VERONIQUE. By FLORENCE MARRYATT. Boston: A. K. Loring.

Miss Florence Marryatt, for it is by her maiden name that she is chiefly known, has written many novels. They are all readable and entertaining, and her last is always the best; so that one looks forward with some anticipation of pleasure to her next.

This book has greater dramatic power and intensity than her former works, and is written in the same energetic and entertaining style.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN EUROPE. By Mrs. S. R. URBINO. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

There may have been good and sufficient cause for "An American Woman" to have visited Europe, but we cannot see that she had or has any justification for writing and issuing this book. Not that it is worse than many other books of travel. If it were, our feeling toward it would be livelier than it is now. It is, however, no better; hence we can hardly recommend it to those who have any work to do.

DAVID ELGINBROD. By GEORGE MACDONALD. Boston: A. K. Loring.

We wish we could give this book the space it deserves. It is such a novel as one would expect from a cultured and scholarly Christian gentleman, with great imaginative power and fine descriptive abilities. It is a religious novel which is never silly, therefore never blasphemous, as most religious novels are. It can be read with pleasure by followers of all doctrines; and our calling it "religious" need not frighten any one from perusing it, and enjoying an interesting novel thereby.

CREDO. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869,

This is the title of a new book upon Christianity. The first part of the book treats of the evidences of Christianity in a manner at once concise and comprehensive, although the writer cites his authorities too sparingly for the taste of a critical reader. The second part is devoted more to doctrinal points. Of course, a work of this sort, at the present day, gives but little scope for originality, though the way in which the present author attempts to reconcile the Mosaic account of Creation with the observed facts of Geology is new to us, and certainly ingenious; but the book is clear and well written, and, as a popular work, will be a valuable addition to this branch of literature.

PATTY GRAY'S JOURNAL. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a juvenile book. An account of a little girl's journey. The preface is directed to children who wish to learn. As, for the most part, we are children who do not wish to learn, we don't think the book will do us much good; and so have determined not to read it.

## EXCHANGES AND COLLEGE NEWS.

THE accumulation of exchanges, during our long absence from College, has been greater than during any previous vacation.

The affable old gent, who has his photograph upon the cover of the *Yale Lit.*, beams upon us after a long absence, and sheds a ray of light on our department. We wish he were in the way of coming oftener; for we always appreciate his remarks, and are particularly apt to concur in his opinions concerning "six-student colleges."

Everybody has something to say of the boat-race; but only the *Cornell Era* quotes Greek poetry while talking of it.

We are requested to notice the catalogue of Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia. The establishment is sixteen miles from Wheeling, Va., with several different courses, and no distinctions of class. The standard is not particularly high.

*Appleton's Journal* is a comparatively new publication but deservedly successful. The most attractive feature is its illustrations. Beside a good picture on the first page of every number, at regular and short intervals are published supplements: now a wood engraving, or "Cartoon," on tinted paper; sometimes a steel engraving; and sometimes an "Illustrated Art Supplement," four full-page wood engravings of scenes of interest. The Cartoons are of varying excellence, some extremely good, others pretty bad; but the wood engravings in the "Art Supplements" exceed in beauty and finish any wood engravings we have ever seen in any illustrated paper, whether American or foreign.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* reflects credit on its printers.

The *Yang Lang* is deteriorating, but is nevertheless responsible for this: "It must be a happy thought to a lover that his blood and that of his sweetheart mingle in the same mosquito."

"The *Harvard Advocate* is in the habit of periodically publishing an 'atom' of this kind: 'The *College Courant* has revived its undergraduate department.' Now, we are very willing to be 'revived' three or four times by our friend of Cambridge; but when it gets to be a weekly item, we beg leave to protest. What prompted the reproduction of this article of news in its last issue we are unable to state; but it did appear as usual. For the information of those interested, we would state that the undergraduate department does not revive. It always has been, and still is, a regular part of the *Courant*, except during the vacations, when few if any undergraduates remain in town. If the *Advocate* will take notice, we shall feel repaid for our information." — *College Courant*.

We are indebted for the information, and will admit that we thought it was strange if the *Courant* had wholly cast off from the College.

POST-OFFICE BUILDING, CAMBRIDGEPORT.

GEORGE K. WARREN,  
PHOTOGRAPHER

To Classes of '69 at

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,      WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,  
WILLIAMS, UNION, AND HAMILTON COLLEGES,  
AND PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

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    Submitte collum tonsori,  
    Et abi alter Adonis."

J. L. HADDOW,

BARBER TO THE COLLEGE,

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No. 2, HARVARD ROW;

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O J C

Brattle Square, near Brighton Street.

Here are also kept constantly on hand, Gymnastic Shirts, Belts, Slippers, Boxing Gloves, and Gymnastic Apparatus.

N.B.—Highest price paid for cast-off clothing.

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HATTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

JACKSON & CO., HATTERS,

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No. 59 Tremont Street, Boston,

Have issued the Fall and Winter style of

*Young Gents' Silk Hats;*

ALSO, AGENTS FOR THE

AMIDON NEW YORK HAT.

Particular attention paid to getting up

COLLEGE CAPS;

also, the finest and largest assortment of imported

*Canes, Natural Sticks, Silk Umbrellas, Soft Hats, Cloth Hats, Gloves, &c.*

JACKSON & CO.,

ALBION BUILDING,  
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•BARBERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

HOWARD & BROWN

Are happy to announce to the students of the University that they have *entirely refitted* HADDOW's former

*Shaving and Hair-Dressing*  
SALOON,

And are ready to wait on any and all who will favor them with their patronage.

CALL & TUTTLE,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Invite the attention of their former patrons, and the Students of Harvard College generally, to their fine assortment of fashionable cloths, and the well-known superiority of their work.

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Corner Franklin, BOSTON

EXCELSIOR

FASHIONS IN HATS.

S. KLOUS & CO.,

205, WASHINGTON STREET,

Display a Choice Assortment of

*Spring Hats*

In all the various colors and shapes which the best manufacturers in the country are now issuing.

THE GOSSAMER DRESS HAT,

FOR YOUNG MEN,

Introduced by this Firm, has met the approval of the Public as the LEADING FASHIONABLE HAT of this season. Gentlemen about making a change in this important article of dress should inspect the CHOICE STOCK of this well-known Firm.

S. KLOUS & CO.,

205, Washington Street, Boston.

CARD.

I beg leave to inform the public that I have taken charge of the REVERE HOUSE HAIR-DRESSING SALOON, and I propose to carry on the business on the plan adopted in the Tremont House Saloon, where for the past eight years, by strict attention to business, and a careful study of my patrons' wishes, I have endeavored to deserve the liberal favors which I have received.

The Saloon has been newly refitted, painted, and decorated; and particular pains have been taken to engage none but the most skilful assistants in the business. The strictest cleanliness will be observed throughout, so as to make it a place in every way worthy the patronage of gentlemen.

Thanking the public for their patronage, I hope, by always studying the wishes of visitors to my saloons, to merit in future a continuance of their favor.

LOUIS P. OBER.

Boston, Aug. 28, 1869.

INSTRUCTION IN LOGIC. Mr. C. P. PEIRCE is prepared to give lessons in Logic, with special reference to its applications, twice a week during this term. Terms, \$15. For further information apply, personally, to Mr. PEIRCE, at No. 2 Arrow Street.

## J. H. HUBBARD.—His COLUMN.

My signs! my beautiful, my cherished signs! Just seven years ago this very month, they vanished; snatched by ruthless hand. They were lost to me for ever. No more would they guide the thirsty traveller to *Iced Soda* within. And now two more are torn from me. No more shall "Opera glasses to let" announce the cheerful fact, nor "*οὐδὲν ἔσθωτιν ἐν τράβῃ* *καὶ νύμφη*" warn the transgressor. Great Heaven! must designing septennial signomaniacs prevail against one? what can prosperity or popularity signify if one must be in a constant state of assignment? The Grand Signor himself couldn't stand it.

How vain and theoretical is every thing here below; across the street is the temple of law,—great is its fame. Yet it cannot radiate enough of its essence to prevent my signs from being stolen over the way.

The act of carrying away property without permission or knowledge of the owner is, among outside barbarians, called theft—and is disgraceful. Here it is called "ragging," and is considered a highly commendable practice.

Musicians are good people: one of their moral precepts is, "*D. C. al sig.*" Translated: *Don't carry off all the signs.*

Agents authorized to return said signs will be liberally treated.

'Tis said that wine, the deceitful mocker,  
Makes people to Davy Jones' locker go;  
Wrong,—'tis the *liquor* that goes to the locker  
Of Major Jones, you know!

Byron, dying, certainly expected,  
To be stowed away with dead men;  
But he didn't expect to be resurrected  
And Stowed all over again!

Having nibbled the bait, we now come to the hook.  
You are *herely* requested to *buy here*

LONE JACK.	} <i>Tobacco.</i>	{	FRUITS & FLOWERS.
RYAN'S GREEN SEAL.			YACHT CLUB.
" PERIQUE.			LYNCHBURG.
TURKISH.			THREE BELLES.
MOUNT VERNON.			CORN COB.

Bronson's fine cut chewing by the ounce, fresh.

DESIGNIO.	} <i>Cigars.</i>	{	REGALIA.
TULIPAN.			CABANA.
MANILLA.			YARA.
SUSINI.			FIGARO.

And many other choice Domestic and Imported brands.

PETIT CANON.	} <i>Russian Cigarettes.</i>
MILITAIRES.	
POLONAISES.	

HONRADEZ CIGARETTES.

Meerschaum, Bruyere, and Gambier Pipes. Stems,  
Mouthpieces, Cigar-cases, Matches.

*Toilet Soaps of every variety, choice and delicate.  
Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes, of the best  
material, by standard manufacturers.*

COMBS,  
COSMETIQUES,  
POMADES,  
PERFUMERY.

Especial pains is taken to select for sale good articles.  
Particular care is constantly exercised in the preparation of medicines.

J. H. HUBBARD,  
*Harvard Square.*

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NAPOLÉON SARONY.

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL.

*College Department,*

Having made arrangements with a member of the Class of '69, Yale, to superintend the college department of their business, are ready to make contracts with any college, seminary, or literary institution for the taking of class pictures and views.

The great reputation of the firm at Yale and West Point, and the experience of the gentlemen engaged, gained in connection with the taking of 30,000 pictures and views at Yale College, insure perfect satisfaction.†

The *College Department* has been created with a special view to taking class pictures; so that they possess unequalled facilities in that line, both as to excellence and despatch. They are also ready to take groups or views out of New-York City, if ordered in sufficient numbers to pay.

All communications should be addressed to

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SARONY & Co.,

viii-2-3m.

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PHELAN  
BILLIARD HALL.

F. A. GOELL, PROPRIETOR.

*Corner School and Washington Streets,*

viii-2-tf.

BOSTON.

## DANCING.

MME. P. GRAVIER, of the Royal Academy of Paris, will resume her classes at her new Hall, on Oct. 14th.

Class for Misses and Masters, every Wednesday and Saturday, from 3 to 5 o'clock P.M.

Classes for Ladies and Gentlemen, every Monday and Thursday, and Wednesday and Saturday, from 8 to 10 o'clock P.M.

All conversation, during the Dancing Lessons, will be in French, if desired.

For particulars, apply at 753 Tremont Street, Boston.

B. H. RICHARDSON,  
COLLEGE BOOKSELLER,  
STATIONER,

AND

NEWS DEALER,

*Harvard Square,*

*Corner Dunster Street.*

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

Nov. 24,

# THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. VIII. . CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 12, 1869.

No. V.

## CONSOLATION.

FILL your glass, man! Thousand devils!

Men don't die of broken hearts,

A burnt finger's seldom fatal,

All the same, it smarts.

Come now, don't get in a passion,

Quarrelling's not worth while, you'll find,

Over any kind of bother, —

Much less womankind.

Fiery Spaniard, soft Italian, —

Everywhere they're much the same.

If those threadbare tricks still cheat you,

Corbleu! who's to blame?

Ogling eyes and fluttering fan-tips,

Loving smiles and piteous sighs, —

Pshaw! a youngster might have seen through

All those acted lies!

Eh bien! fill, and push the bottle;

One more toast I must propose:

'Woman! How she still can charm men' —

The devil only knows.

## THE BUILDINGS.

IN 1636, only six years after the settlement of Boston, the General Court voted 400 pounds sterling towards the erection of a public school or college. It was specified that the college should be at Newtown, but the proposed site was soon afterwards changed to Cambridge.

In 1638, the Rev. John Harvard, a dissenting clergyman of England who had been residing in Charlestown for only a year, died, and bequeathed

one-half of his whole property, amounting to about 800 pounds, and the whole of his valuable library, to the College. The General Court never claimed the character of "founder," but expressly conceded the title of "principal founder" to John Harvard. A monument to his memory was erected on the burial hill in Charlestown, by the Alumni, in 1828.

It was some time after the founding of the College, before the first building was erected.

Massachusetts Hall, the oldest building in the yard, was erected in 1720, by order and at the expense of the province. Soon after its erection, one of the tutors of the College made an observation of an eclipse from the roof.

It had, until the erection of the present Harvard Hall, a clock on the west end, the dial of which is still visible, although almost effaced by time and exposure.

After the battle of Lexington, the troops were quartered in this building; and in some of the rooms, the hooks from which were slung their hammocks are still to be seen in the beams which traverse the ceilings.

Its attic is spacious, and has been used at various times by the students to celebrate the orgies of Bacchus. For such unlawful purpose it is most admirably adapted, as it is almost impossible for one in the yard below to tell whence the noise comes, owing to the peculiar situation and size of the windows: the adornments of newspapers and sardine-boxes were, some years ago, very artistic, a few remnants of them still remaining in the accumulated dust and cobwebs of ages.

Holden Chapel was erected in 1744, from a donation of 400 pounds made by Mrs. Samuel Holden and daughters of England, at the suggestion of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Boston, to serve as a chapel, for which purpose it was used

until 1814, when it was arranged for medical lectures; and costly wax preparations, the same that are now in the Museum in Boylston Hall, were purchased, and kept there to obviate the necessity of dissecting human subjects at the lectures appointed for the undergraduates.

The Holden coat-of-arms is elaborately wrought on the west end.

Harvard Hall (first) begun in 1672, completed in 1682, was erected by the joint subscriptions of the colonists, and many citizens of England. It stood where the present Hall now stands, and was two and a half stories high, with a roof very much like that of Massachusetts Hall.

Owing to the breaking out of the small-pox in Boston, the General Court held their session in Cambridge, in this Hall.

On an unusually cold and stormy night in January, 1764, it was entirely destroyed by fire, which was supposed to have caught from a beam under the hearth, in the room where the General Court had been held.

It occurred during vacation, there being only three students sleeping in the yard. As the wind was very high, Hollis, Stoughton, and Massachusetts Halls were in imminent danger: each of them blazed forth several times, but the progress of the flames was arrested by the vigorous efforts of the citizens, united with those of the Governor and members of the Legislature.

This is the greatest loss the College ever sustained: the library of five thousand volumes, including all the books bequeathed by Rev. John Harvard, except one which is preserved in the present Library, a splendid collection of apparatus, and several paintings, were all destroyed.

As the province was indirectly responsible for this loss, it was immediately voted to indemnify the College; and the Hall was rebuilt at the expense of the province in 1766.

Several grants of land were also voted to the College, as further indemnity for the loss of the Library, for which the rebuilding of Harvard Hall did not fully compensate.

Troops were quartered in the new Hall after the battle of Lexington, the library and philosophical apparatus being removed to Andover.

The new Hall originally had the staircase in the centre, thus making two halls on the first floor; in order to unite these in one, an addition was subsequently made of the wing which contains the stairs, and several small rooms, one of which now serves as a receptacle of trophies of prowess at the bat and oar.

The college clock was on this Hall, having been removed from Massachusetts, until the College gave it as partial payment of its subscription towards the purchase of a clock to be placed on the church opposite, and the right of regulating which it was stipulated should belong to the College.

On the east end, over the cellar-door, are still to be seen the marks where a gable roof was attached. This roof with long eaves covered a sort of counter, at which the students obtained their sizings, or commons, which they eat on the spot or took to their rooms, as they pleased; this was the morning and evening meal, consisting generally of a size of bread with a mug of beer, milk, tea, or coffee. On the projection below the stone window-sill over the door, there was formerly a sun-dial, the plate of which is now removed.

The recitation-room in the east end was fitted up with the busts and pictures which it now contains, by Professor Sparks, then professor in History.

#### MY FRIEND CHIGGLES.

If there is one person who more than another is intimate with me, it is my friend Chiggles. He knows me, knows me thoroughly, my virtues and my weaknesses, especially the latter. His manner on entering my room seems to say:

"Well, here I am. I see through you. Don't try to hide any thing from me, for you can't do it. I know you, I do."

Cowed, morally and physically, by the aspect of Chiggles, I ask him to sit down. He does so.

"Well," says Chiggles, "and how are you?"

To this I reply, that I am well. But Chiggles is not to be satisfied with such an answer.

"You look," says Chiggles, making a pause after his verb, in order to keep me in a state of



suspense as to what will be his predicate adjective, "bilious."

I am at last aroused to a degree of energy which makes me deny this assertion. Chiggles then looks at me with an aggravating assumption of pity, and remarks, —

"Well, well, perhaps we had better say nothing more about it."

This, of course, implies that he could a tale unfold if I were reasonable, but that, as he had better say nothing more about it, I am not reasonable. This implication fills me with indignation, but I remain silent.

Chiggles, let me here remark, is supposed to have an inventive genius. This inventive genius has long been the delight of his parents and the curse of his friends. Knowing this, I am not surprised when Chiggles exclaims, looking through me, as usual: —

"By the way, you've got some new curtains. Let me congratulate you, old fellow. What! self-heaving ecliptics, I declare!" Sick at heart, I allow my hand to be pressed by him, — sick at heart, because I know that, yielding to his stronger will, I must permit those curtains to pass under his inspection, and that analysis — forgive the feeble joke — must be the inevitable result of such passing.

Why is it, I ask, as an embryo citizen of this great republic, that Chiggles selects my property as the subject of his experiments? Why must my hinges be unsure, my locks impracticable, my stovepipe obstructed by the demonstrations of Chiggles' mechanical genius? I owned a bootjack that could be doubled up, — Chiggles touched it, and it doubles up no longer. A Turkish pipe was mine, — Chiggles tried experiments on its bowl, and its stem has ceased to draw. A cuckoo-clock was adorning my walls, — Chiggles the destroyer has prevented the cuckoo from ever re-entering its dwelling-place, and now it flutters on the outside of the clock until it fairly haunts me.

Chiggles is fond of borrowing my books. In fact a large portion of my library is temporarily residing at Chiggles' room. I have intimated to Chiggles that I disliked to lend books, and Chiggles has replied that I was right, but that he of

course was an exception to my rule. I have suggested to Chiggles that the Library possesses more and better copies of his favorite works than I do. To which Chiggles has replied, with an apparent burst of genuine feeling, —

"Never mind, old fellow: these are quite good enough for me." Finding on one occasion that Chiggles was gradually absorbing my whole stock of books, I effected the following stroke of diplomacy: I locked the bookcase, and pretended to have lost the key. Chiggles came, saw, and disappeared. For a brief period I exulted; but he came again, — came again, armed with a glazier's diamond, which he had borrowed for the occasion. With this he intended to cut out a pane of glass from my bookcase. I begged and entreated, and was forced to suddenly find the key. The fell Chiggles immediately borrowed four of my dearest books, and then appeared to see through me more than ever.

I have written this in the hope that, when printed, it may meet the eye of Chiggles, and that in his wrath he may leave me for ever. Ha! his footstep is on the stairs: quick, let me hide this manuscript in my desk. He enters and sees through me.

"What," asks Chiggles, "are you trying to hide from me?"

## WHY

Is it that we have no Art School and Gallery here at Harvard? It is a pressing want, and one which I have heard commented upon, more than once, by persons interested in the welfare of the University. At least five of our sister colleges have more or less extensive and valuable collections of Art. The Trumbull Gallery at Yale is well known. There is deposited, at present, the Jarves Collection of "one hundred and twenty early Italian pictures, representing all Italian schools of painting from the eleventh to the beginning of the seventeenth century."

Michigan University has a large collection of engravings, photographs, casts, models, medals, and reliefs, as have also Cornell and Ingham Universities, and Vassar (female) College; and three of those more recently founded give

direct instruction in the various branches, either as a part of their regular course, or as extra studies. *Tempora mutantur*; but we fail to keep up with their progress in more respects than one.

Of all the Fine Arts, Music alone is here represented. This is cultivated assiduously by a prosperous society in each branch, vocal and instrumental. Moreover, what better instructor could be desired than our excellent organist? But for Painting, Sculpture, what have we to show? We have a series of portraits of our benefactors in Harvard Hall, and a number of busts of old worthies in the Library. Alas! so near the Athens of America, and no more interest shown in these matters by the oldest University in the country. True, we are fortunate in having access to the Boston Athenæum Gallery, and those of the several picture stores. And our gratitude to Mr. Adams, of Belmont, for so generously throwing open his fine collection to the public Tuesday afternoons, is beyond the limits of this article. But, next to the expense, which I acknowledge is considerable, the great obstacle to the pursuance of the study in question is the time required. Most of us desire to accomplish as much as possible during our stay here; and when at least an hour and a half is consumed in reaching and returning from any of these places, how often can we afford ourselves the luxury of visiting them?

There is no lack of interest in the subject. Many of the undergraduates, and others connected with the University, would be glad to join classes in drawing and painting. Washington Allston was graduated here; and more favorable opportunities for the development of talent, during the four years spent here, would, doubtless, have a marked result. Even though no brilliant genius were brought to light, which would otherwise have lain dormant, the effect would soon be evident in the community, while classes of one hundred and fifty are graduated every year, and scatter to the four points of the compass. "In England, everybody sketches from nature," said an artist to me the other day. We have no beautiful ruins overgrown with moss and ivy, but we have lovely landscapes character-

istic of our own country, and there seems to be no reason why Art should not be more popular among us.

If some of those who are so liberal for the advancement of the public interest would build a hall of truly beautiful architecture, that of itself would do more good than many institutions which cost far more. Then there would be a chance to make available the unknown treasures of the Gray Collection of Engravings, itself a splendid benefaction, now stowed away in portfolios in a damp alcove of Gore Hall, and inaccessible except to the privileged few. This bequest was never intended for any such disuse, not to say abuse. Next, — but how easy to build gorgeous air-castles! If this comes, perchance, to the eye of any one able and willing to take up the matter, we trust it may call attention to a want very generally felt throughout the University.

SR.

#### MAGGIE MITCHELL IN *FANCHON*.

WHEN, nine years ago, Maggie Mitchell first began her career of astonishing success in *Fanchon*, she labored under the disadvantages of a summer season in New York, — a summer season, too, when we were in the first fierce excitement of our war. Nevertheless, the piece made a success which has continued unabated ever since. The persistent adherence of the actress to the one character which has made her fame and fortune has caused many to doubt, even while their cheeks were wet with the tears her simple pathos had called forth, whether her talents were high enough to deserve the name of genius.

But this power to play one style of character in a manner which, though untrained, is intuitive, seems to us to imply far higher natural ability than would a general versatility. Considering that Maggie Mitchell is to-day the most successful actress on our stage, owing her position neither to personal exposure nor the banjo drama with its attendant vulgarities, but to the fact that she plays her few notes with a wonderful intensity that thrills the great heart of the public more than all the *technique* of more versatile artists, we may award genius to her. In her case alone

has the absence of genius been asserted because of the absence of versatility.

The prevailing characteristic of her acting is intensity. Breadth she has none. Hence it is, that in the few characters of juvenile tragedy which she has attempted, such as Pauline, Parthenia, and Juliet, her success has been but partial. In the broad farces, which she now so rarely plays, her queer, quaint fun, intense as it is, lacks that breadth which would entitle it to be called humor.

Still, there is a subtle delicacy about some points of her acting which is far beyond the power of any mere actor, however well trained, to present. The child-nature which ripples through her laughing and weeping, the intensity of her scorn and wrath in the second act, the whole crushed desolation of her figure as she lies sobbing on the ground after Landry's departure in the third act, are all points which can arise from no stage trickery. Most wonderful of all, is the strange pitiful weirdness of her motion as she stoops to kiss her shadow on the ground. There is an elvish pathos about it which can only spring from intuition. These are some of the individual points of her acting; and these points blend and fuse together so as to form a harmonious whole, in the exquisitely defined transition from childhood to womanhood, which is the sum of her entire impersonation.

Maggie Mitchell is not a thorough artist. Her mannerisms are many and indefensible, and she has a tendency to prolong her acting until parts of it resemble the heads of a sermon. But, in spite of all these things, her rare genius shines forth and exerts a stronger popular influence than that of any performer on the American stage,—an influence which cannot now be duly estimated.

#### HASTY PUDDING CLUB.

ALL members, present and past, of the Hasty Pudding Club, who have in their possession books belonging to the library of the H. P. C., are requested to return them to the Librarian, at their earliest convenience, in order to allow of a revision of the library.

A. J. D. DIXON, Lib. H. P. C.  
*Hollis 28, Cambridge.*

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

[Mr. Glue, the celebrated philanthropist, has departed the scene of his labors; and the public will read with interest the following sketch of his early life.]

At the early age of eight, the subject of this article first saw the classic grounds of Cambridge, and was duly impressed with the unassuming somnolency displayed everywhere within its confines. Compelled to labor in an odious tannery for the wretched stipend of \$.10 per diem, his ambitious spirit grew restive, he longed for his natural sphere, the college grounds, and it was not long before he cast off the bonds of his thralldom, gave with a sigh of relief his last receipt for his last \$.10 at the hated tannery, and immediately started off to make his name and fortune in Harvard regions. He first gained access to the college rooms by persistently knocking at each and every door of each and every building in the yard, not omitting in his ignorance Harvard, University, and Dane Halls, and by anxiously inquiring of each pair of chums whether they wanted any cane-seat chairs reseatd for a mere song and in the most approved manner. His bright retorts, his remarkable self-possession,—we forbear to call it “cheek,”—and his prepossessing countenance at once took by storm the student heart, and more especially the Sophomore heart, which saw in him an invaluable assistant for humbling their mortal foes and embryo successors, yclept the Freshmen.

Now, about the time of Glue's first appearance in student realms, a jolly Junior gave a little lunch in his room to a select party of friends, and in the consequent exhilaration several unfortunate chairs suffered amputation of limbs, and were found on the morning after the symposium, minus arms and legs. The aforesaid jolly Junior, now hardly to be called jolly in the Mark Tapley sense of the word, was sitting that morning on the edge of his bed, ruefully gazing at the wreck of his furniture, and particularly at the sad condition of his own easy arm-chair, when there came a knock at the door, and in answer to the gruff invitation to “Come!” Glue presented himself, with the inevitable, “Got any chairs you want seated?” The jolly Junior at this interruption gave such a stentorian snort of negation that the usually self-pos-

essed Glue began to retreat in dismay, and was just about to close the door with a bang by way of revenge, when a happy thought — *mirabile dictu* — suddenly passed into the jolly Junior's head, and Glue was recalled in softened tones to be asked if he couldn't get some glue somewhere and fix up this confounded furniture. Glue, after some consideration, thought it practicable, disappeared, returned in a jiffy with an immense glue-pot, which he had obtained from a benevolent old carpenter by some wheedling process, and bent all his energies to the task of renovating the chairs; while the jolly Junior from his perch on the table gravely superintended the work, and was so gratified with Glue's success in the hard case of his beloved arm-chair, that he allowed his heart, and consequently his purse, to open wide, and Glue took his leave the happiest of mortals. Thus encouraged, Glue at once determined to drop the unremunerative chair-reseating dodge, and take to the glue-pot; and in fulfilment of this resolve, he did not rest until he had succeeded in becoming sole proprietor of the aforesaid benevolent old carpenter's glue-receptacle. Thus it was that our hero became Knight of the glue-pot.

Glue's recognized abilities were soon called into requisition by the tricky Sophomores, who did not scruple to basely deceive and beguile his ingenuous nature. One facetious representative of the Sophomoric body, some four or five years ago, called the credulous Glue into his room one fine day, and went through a long and studied rigmarole about a certain room in a certain building, in which odds and ends of value were stored, and which, in spite of all efforts to keep it closed, was constantly being broken into and plundered by intruding villains. Accordingly, Glue's glue-pot was required to effectually close the keyhole of said room with chips strongly cemented together with liberal application of glue, and the job was to be done at once to prevent further depredations, and there was to be a handsome bonus for the labor expended if Glue satisfied his employer. Glue at once put his whole heart into his task, and immediately repaired, fully equipped with glue-pot and chips, to the room pointed out by his deceiver. After choking the keyhole with a fraction of a cord of soft pine wood well cemented

with glue, he proceeded to his employer to report his task completed, and to guarantee that the keyhole was impenetrable. Judge of his surprise and his indignation, when, upon proceeding the very next morning to visit that selfsame keyhole to see if it had not been tampered with, he beheld that keyhole unclogged by a single chip, untainted by the least suspicion of glue. Murmuring to himself the old inspiring motto, now growing into disuse, "*Perseverantia omnia vincit*," Glue immediately set to work again, and had skilfully introduced a number of bits of wood into the unfortunate keyhole, when suddenly the door opened, and Glue found himself summarily introduced to a much-respected Professor. Then it slowly dawned upon his unsuspecting mind that he had been villainously deceived, and his injured feelings soon found relief in tears. He at once denounced the base conspirator as a fellow who wore black clothes with white speckles, and that same rascal of a Sophomore was immediately recognized at the Professor's next recitation by those identical white speckles. It was because of this adventure that our hero was ever afterwards known only as Glue.

To chronicle the various adventures and comical mishaps, all teeming with interest, of this specimen of juvenile precocity of which the Granite State may well be proud, would fill we don't know how many volumes of the *Advocate*. Suffice it then to say, that, as a spy for the Sophomores, he has always been, ever since his advent here, the terror of each succeeding lot of fledglings who annually present themselves for examination in July, basely baptizing them with copious libations from Hollis pump, heaping upon them the most stinging sarcasm, with frequent interlarding of the odious epithet "Freshie," giving shrill whistles as a signal for a horde of Hunnish Sophs to pounce upon a lot of the aforesaid fledglings when found in the vicinity of Hubbard's or Kent's, acting as a trustworthy coadjutor in all hazing scrapes, and so on through the whole category of his exploits.

But at last Glue is to leave the scene of his fame; and, "got up swell" in an outfit bran new from Oak Hall, he will in future act the part of gentlemanly usher and laughing-gas exhaler in

the service of a well-known travelling lecturer on Hygiene. We part from him the less unwillingly from the firm conviction that such qualities as Glue possesses will ensure him a glorious future wherever he goes; and we doubt not that even his mortal enemy, Mr. Jones, or his deadly rival, Johnny Cocoanut, will wish him good health and prosperity. Vale, Glue.

### LUCK.

ON my way to the city a few days ago, the sight of the smelt-fishers on the bridge recalled vividly to my mind the days when my greatest pleasure consisted in dangling my heels over the side of some wharf, fish-pole in hand, waiting for a bite. Many were the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons thus employed, hoping for good luck, though it came but seldom.

Yet how many have this love of waiting for fish to bite, and for fortune to smile upon them, not only in boyhood, but throughout life. It is nothing else that induces a man to invest in lotteries and hope for prizes and riches without labor, or to sit idly meditating and twirling his thumbs, waiting for "something to turn up."

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*Published every alternate week of the term, at Cambridge, by the Students of*

## HARVARD COLLEGE.

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## THE FIRE-FLY.

DIAMOND of the evening dark,  
Gay and gladsome little spark,  
Tiny meteor gleaming bright,  
What dost thou, fire-fly, through the night?

Say, do ye light the woodland hall  
When the wee people hold a ball,  
And elf and fay are whirled along,  
And Mab moves in the mazy throng?

Art thou an elfin torch whose light,  
Borne by some tricky laughing sprite,  
Guides Oberon at midnight hour  
To fair Titania's blooming bower?

Not so; but God in love to you  
Hath sent his starlight here below,  
That in the peaceful summer, at even,  
Ye might be lifted nearer heaven.

OCCASIONAL.

## BOATING.

THE difference in the facilities for boating offered by time-honored Oxford and our own University may be of some interest in connection with the great contest which has just taken place.

In any international race, the chances for Oxford to obtain the better crew are superior to those of Harvard, not so much that that University contains in its numerous colleges double the number of men we have, but because of the opportunities offered to develop the raw material into a serviceable state.

Instead of having boats for the class crews only, they have plenty of torpids where any one desirous of learning to row can practise behind an experienced oarsman, and acquire tolerable rowing form, without joining one of the crews or subjecting himself to any special training.

On the Isis there is a large number of wherries which can be hired for a shilling per hour; and during all hours of the day these are in constant requisition, and serve materially to keep up interest in boating.

There are also comfortable double sculls, with cushioned seats for coxswain, built for comfort when men want a quiet paddle rather than speed. The weight of these boats is about that of one of our lapstreaks; and they are varnished instead of painted, which gives them a very neat appearance.

Of course there are the usual number of private boats; but it is not every one who while wishing to row desires to purchase a boat, so that the system of hiring is an additional inducement.

Besides this, two very prominent English builders have their establishments in close proximity to the university boat-houses, the usual place of starting, near which are moored the barges, where boating meetings are held by the various clubs, and on the tops of which are settles for the accommodation of those doing the heavy looking on.

Something of this sort we want at Harvard, and with such facilities there would be no occasion to complain of "a decline in boating interest." Many wishing to row either do not desire or cannot afford to purchase a boat, and for such there is no accommodation in the shape of boats to be hired by the hour or afternoon.

Now is there not a capital chance for an experienced boat-builder to establish a yard with boats for sale and hire?

It seems proper that this subject should be discussed in connection with the new boat-house which our friends are so liberally aiding us to build. The facts that this long-talked of project bids fair to become a reality, and that the ground is already broken for the much-needed dormitory, seem to indicate the present as a period of great progress. In the midst of the new life thus infused into college affairs, every thing conducive to interest in boating should be thoroughly considered, and especially any project that is so likely to be beneficial to our men, in order that, next spring, boating may begin under the most favorable auspices.

The Finance Committee appointed by the Harvard Boat Club has finally adopted a plan for a new boat-house, the erection of which it is estimated will cost \$7,000. A very considerable portion of this sum has already been subscribed in Boston; but it can hardly be expected that the whole amount can be raised in this immediate vicinity. There are everywhere graduates and friends of the University, and many would doubtless be happy to assist in this project if they were aware to what extremity we are reduced. The condition of the present boat-houses is such as to preclude delay: the shells are in constant and imminent danger of injury, either malicious or accidental; and the structures themselves are

pronounced insecure against the ice of the coming winter. It is of the utmost importance that the required funds should be obtained as speedily as possible. The committee therefore earnestly request every student, during the thanksgiving recess, to urge the claims of the Harvard Boat Club upon all who desire the promotion of its interests. Many have already guaranteed to return with the sum of ten dollars as the result of their labors during the coming week. It is hoped that all will be able to produce some proof of their energy and interest in the cause. None need come back empty-handed. Every Harvard man is proud of the reputation which his University has acquired upon the water, and should be willing heartily to co-operate with the committee in a matter which so nearly affects the interests of all. All contributions may be handed either to members of the committee, or to J. S. Fay, Jr., or J. M. Forbes, Boston.

At a meeting of the Harvard University Boat Club, held on Tuesday, Nov. 2, the following officers were elected:

President . . . . . GEORGE BASS.  
Vice-President . . . . . JAMES S. MCCOBB.  
Secretary . . . . . WILLIAM T. SANGER.

# PLAYING KITTEN.

HAVE you seen a kitten play with a ball?

She clutches it tight in her sharp little claws,  
Tosses it up, and then lets it fall;  
Rolls it away, and, after a pause,  
Brings it again to her side; with a spring,  
Bounds far from it with motion active,  
Yet ne'er, for an instant, loses the thing; —  
Oh! a kitten playing is very attractive.

Just so a maiden plays with my heart; —

A moment she holds it meshed in her smiles,  
Then seems to forget me and turns apart;  
And, when I am almost freed from her wiles,  
Calls me back with a glance so sweet  
That only her in the world I see,  
And again lie captive before her feet,  
Though I know she is playing kitten with me.

DON.

## ABOUT COLLEGE SONGS.

THE singing of college songs has come to be as much a peculiar trait of the college student as was ever the "cut of his jib" or the smatterings of Greek and Latin in which he occasionally indulged. The institution (for such has the practice become), while it is by no means a modern one, has of late taken to itself so many peculiarly modern characteristics that it is almost a novelty with a student of the period.

The time is certainly not beyond the recollection of the college proctors when evening serenades were usually made up of Latin songs, like *Gaudemus, Integer Vitæ, Lauriger*, parodies on local peculiarities, with choruses couched in refrains of Latin, and an occasional sentimental melody, concluding with *Fair Harvard* and *Auld Lang Syne*. When such was the order of things, the college student could lay claim to this institution as being peculiarly his own; and a stranger was accounted little better than an impostor who dared to hum a college song, even for his own private amusement. Then the tuneful students, when they entertained an audience outside the college yard, were looked upon by admiring mothers, sisters, and cousins, as exotic ambassadors who condescendingly exhibited the peculiarities of a kingdom that was unavoidably foreign to themselves.

The familiar songs of to-day furnish matter for a new dispensation in the musical line; and it is evident that we are living under such, in which the supply of new melodies is in a direct proportion to the resources of theatrical stage-managers. The pretty actress and the clown have become our musical expounders; and the *Carmina Collegensia* is sold at the second-hand book-shops, that investments may be made in the sixpenny series. The legitimate college song has been abandoned for such pensive little ditties as *Up in a Balloon, Marching through Georgia, The Bowling Green, Act on the Square*, and the following "free and easy," which is just now a favorite emetic:—

"Ha, ha, ha!  
You and ME.  
Little brown jug,  
I love thee."

[Query. Is "me" the object of a verb implied in the jug? or is its use provided for in the (poetic) license law?]

*Champagne Charlie* was not long ago in the mouth and ears of every one you met; and it promised to rival every thing in the line of musical nuisances, until a righteously indignant community very appropriately gave it a resting-place beside *Old Dog Tray* and its pathetic contemporaries. The sensational song is not more ubiquitous than are the sensational airs that are allowed a similar usurpation, the most familiar among which are those from *The Grand Duchess, Fra Diavolo*, and the Potpourri of a favorite orchestra.

Notwithstanding their nothingness, these would-be college-songs are eagerly caught up by all students, not excepting even the bashful Freshman; and when singing capacity is in default, the universal whistle is received as an equivalent; and we never feel the need of being operatically or theatrically entertained when these celestial melodies—ranging, as they do, from the dryly demure to the uproariously extravagant—are afloat.

The question as to whether these modern "College Songs" are worthy of recognition as such, is one upon which differences of opinion may, not unreasonably, be held; but a strong, and it seems a sufficient, reason why they should not be considered as such, and consequently not so treated, is the fact that they do away with all the distinguishing features of the legitimate college song, and their peculiarities at once become the most common of generalities among all people, of whatever age, sex, color, or occupation. The songs themselves are the only distinguishing trait of the peculiar institution; for "a jolly crowd o' fellers," of equal, if not superior, musical talent, can be brought together outside of college, and a difference is distinguishable only in the songs that we sing. We do not wish to be considered exclusive in our manners or habits, neither should we cherish the idea that we are different from other people, and everywhere make demonstrations to establish the idea; but we should at the same time be unwilling to allow a practice as enjoyable as is the singing

of college songs to be discontinued, or, what is worse, become corrupted, that we may escape the criticisms of those who insist upon it that we are conceited snobs.

### A RAMBLE.

"If you are going to walk with us, you had better not eat any more dinner," coming across the dinner-table reminded me of a walk I had agreed to take. So rising with a sigh from the table, I joined my companions.

We had heard that Mr. Adams had a fine picture gallery at his place in Belmont, which was open between two and five o'clock Tuesday afternoons, so four of us had determined to be adventurous, and see what was to be seen.

It was one of our glorious autumn days, when the crisp air gives one a thrill of exhilaration, and off we went at a brisk walk.

A half-hour's walk brought us in sight of Mr. Adams' lawn, one of the most beautiful in the State. Turning up the avenue, and approaching the great house, a feeling of insignificance came upon us, unknown to us since the first term Freshman. Meeting a portly, consequential-looking man, we respectfully informed him of our object, and he patronizingly conducted us to the house. My respectful humility turned to mortification on finding that this condescending individual was only the coachman.

We found we had underrated Mr. Adams' generosity, when we learned that the picture gallery was in the main house, through which visitors must pass to gain access to it. Passing through the fine hall and up the main staircase, we caught a glimpse of the family at dinner, and felt how very disagreeable it must be for them to have strangers tramping over the house.

The picture gallery is a fine lofty room, lighted from the ceiling, containing a number of modern pictures chiefly by American and French artists. The most conspicuous painting was a very large one by Bierstadt, representing a view on the Lake of Lucerne; but it was by no means one of his best.

There were, however, some exquisite speci-

mens of miniature-painting. All the subjects of the pictures were pleasing and interesting.

On our way home, we took a look at Mr. Adams' live stock, consisting of a fine herd of full-blooded Alderneys. A short cut across the field brought us back in time for the four o'clock recitation, well repaid for our walk.

THE O. K., after a refreshing nap of three or four months, was, a few weeks ago, transmitted to the Seniors, by whom it has been reorganized upon a partially new basis. The new members, recognizing the want that had long been felt in College of a Society which should hold the same relations to literature that the Natural History Society does to Science, proposed to alter the constitution so far as to allow the O. K. to supply this want. The scheme met with the hearty concurrence of the ex-members and was accordingly carried out. All connection with politics is therefore abjured, theatricals are done away with, and literary improvement made the sole aim of the Society. Under the amended constitution, any student of literary abilities, whether a member of another society or not, may be considered a candidate for election into the O. K. The following are the officers for the present term: —

<i>President.</i>	. . . . .	A. L. Huntington.
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	Charles C. Emott.
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	Godfrey Morse.
<i>Librarian.</i>	. . . . .	W. W. Chamberlin.

### EXCHANGES AND COLLEGE NEWS.

SOME of our exchanges have appeared with articles in the "Dream" style of narration, — a style which we hoped had now gone out of fashion. Even our venerable friend, the *Yale Lit.*, has broken out with two articles of this kind in its November number. It is the last thing we should have expected of the old gentleman, and we would like to ask him if he does not think, candidly, that he is coming it *rather* strong.

We wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of *The Yale Potpourri*, containing the names of all the students, lists of societies, &c. The number and variety of the latter is certainly astonishing.

Cornell University has received, as a present from Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., a steam cylinder printing-press, valued at \$3,225.

*The College Item* has a letter from Harvard, evidently written by a Freshman. So green.

Waterville College has a recitation at six, A. M.

An enterprising youth has entered Cornell with the avowed intention of becoming one of the foremost poets of the nineteenth century.

The University crew of Yale have no boat, and are compelled to borrow of the class crews.

Columbia College has only twenty-seven Freshmen.

Boating is reviving at Brown. Class crews have been formed, and the war-cry is raised, "On to Worcester!"

The Sophs have been indulging in bonfires at Yale.

"A rooster was seen entering a window in North College last week. The room was occupied by a member of the University crew."—*College Courant*.

The man who has the above on his soul may yet reform and become a good Christian and useful citizen, but we doubt it.

The *Advocate* is crushed flat and prostrate. A heavy exchange, the *Williams Quarterly*, has fallen weightily on us, and this is the melancholy result. Now we generally refrain from that style of retort, whose principle may be expressed by the words, "You're another," but we cannot refrain this time. The attack we mentioned is at the end of the Editorial of the October number (which, by the way, contains a number of typographical errors of the worst kind, remarkable in a magazine with such pretensions to style and such abundance of time for inspection), and is as follows. Having finished its quotations from the Dictionary, of which more anon, the Editorial says a few words about the *Quarterly's* contents and character, and introduces this sentence:—

"But, secondly, our *moderation* is to be commended. Even the purblind editors of the *Harvard Advocate*, have seen and acknowledged that there is a grace in our appearing only four times a year; but they have failed to show the deeper sagacity by which they might repress that conceited donkeyism, which prompts them to bore their readers and abuse the courtesy of exchanges by a *semi-monthly* issue of those unrelieved platitudes, stale jokes, meaningless criticisms, and appalling snobberies, whose enumeration would at any time form the only possible prospectus of their journal."

Having picked ourselves up from this knock-down blow, we proceeded to look up our back numbers to find this "sight and acknowledgment," and discovered in Vol. VII. No. 10 the following: "*The Williams Quarterly* has arrived; and we refrain from having our little say about it through a feeling of gratitude that it comes only four times a year." It is seldom that we do indulge in a little playful sarcasm, and when we do, we try to make it so simple as to be intelligible to the dullest comprehension; but we will here and now confess that our friend of the *W. Q.* attains a sublime height of thick-headedness, far beyond what the wildest dreams of our fancy had imagined man capable of.

The Editorial from which the quotation itself is taken is a good though perhaps extreme specimen of the heavy articles which college papers are sometimes cursed with, and which are excusable in a contributor, but not in an editor. We have read it many times, and have consumed the midnight gas in attempting to find out what it means. The ruddy glow of health has left our cheek, our faces are haggard, our form emaciated, and our step slow and uncertain, but we yet remain in ignorance of what the *W. Q.* wants to say. We wish we could quote the whole, but must confine ourselves to one more selection, the opening paragraph:—

"I do not wish to seem rash, or manifest any contempt for my elders and superiors, but I am fond of independence and love a display of individuality, even in the stereotyped pages of a college magazine. I prefer not to anticipate criticism by premature excuses and explanations, but deem a serene indifference to defects the wiser policy, till the notice of them is forced upon me. Elaborate apologies are allowable so far as they spring from that modesty and feeling of insignificance which the wisest men are sensible of, when comparing their most flattering possibilities with the absolute wealth of accumulated knowledge, or the still deeper mines of hidden lore, whose treasures Time itself will never reveal. But if we are to ratify the views of our Boston oracle and philosopher, and agree that Plato, his great prototype, absorbed the entire acquisitions of the then Past, and not finding sufficient intellectual pabulum therein, desicated (*sic*) the sap of all original thought in which alone are the germs of progress; if the great geniuses of the world have really brought forward nothing new since this time; if men differ only in those peculiarities which neither add to nor take from the general fund of ideas, why even then the oftener we turn over our long acquired capital, the nearer we will (*sic*) approach to that ideal captured long ago by this master spirit and now remaining with us but as the merest phantasm of the imagination. I will (*sic*) be pardoned then upon these considerations, in departing from a custom, honored both by numbers and quality, and substituting the ugliness of self for the obsequious grace of another. My colleagues (*sic*) have hewn out the stately structure, and now, like the true rural economists, require me, the most unworthy member, to gather up the few chips of thought that nothing be lost."

This extract is two-thirds of a page, and it goes on in the same way for six pages, yes, six good pages, upon our honor. The whole is on exhibition at our sanctum, and we should be glad to show it. The extraordinary knowledge of the Dictionary shown therein is beyond praise. The phrase "obsequious spanielism," which occurs farther on, is a good example of some of the combinations of two words. But enough of this fascinating subject. The next *W. Q.* is due, we suppose, in January. If the *Advocate* suddenly pines and expires,

our readers will know the cause. But although the *Q.* excels us in vituperative power in the same ratio as his words surpass ours in length, we find matter for congratulation in that we have five issues to his one, and are not hampered by the Dictionary, which we never use except to spell correctly. *W. Q., au revoir.*

We desire to return thanks to the editors of the *Trinity Tablet* for their politeness in sending us an invitation to the ceremony of unveiling the statue of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brownell, founder of Trinity College.

#### ATOMS.

THE *Boston Post*, with its usual clear and discriminating judgment, in reporting the first Harvard Symphony Concert, made the following statement, which was, we fancy, as great news to Mr. Zerrahn himself as to the public: "The orchestra," said the *Post*, "is directed by Mr. Carl Zerrahn, *our best vocalist.*" This reminds us of an individual who once sat in front of us at the opera, and who, in response to an inquiry of his wife, said that he believed they called the big fiddle a baritone.

WE picked up a fragment of paper in the yard the other day, from what town we know not, on which was printed the following:—

#### NOTICE.

Applicants for the position of school-teacher will address

his  
ERASTUS † CONNOLLY.  
mark.

We are happy to say that such a notice is a rare thing in this country.

THE *New Orleans Times* says: "It seems we are never to get rid of the International sculling-match. All the New-England school-books are to be altered as follows: Ques. — Into how many races is the human family divided? Ans. — Five. The Caucasian, Mongolian, American, Negro, and Harvard race."

THE smallest building in the yard is to be removed, and substitutes made in the north end of University and west end of Holworthy.

SUGGESTIVE. — The Scripture quotation in the new Episcopalian Chapel, which is, —

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Stranger still is the effect of one in the Unitarian Church. The division of the sentence into short lines is so arranged, that one reads with surprise, —

HANG ALL THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

#### H. P. C.

Institute Rooms, Monday, Nov. 15, 7 P.M.

Orator . . . . . W. W. Vaughan.

Poet . . . . . C. H. Swan.

All are invited to attend.

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Harper's Magazine, apart from the illustrations, contains from fifty to one hundred per cent more matter than any similar periodical issued in the English language.

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It is one of the wonders of journalism, — the editorial management of Harper's. . . . All the periodicals which the Harpers publish are almost ideally well edited. — *The Nation, N. Y.*

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The Annual Volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense, for \$7.00 each. A complete Set, comprising Thirteen Volumes, sent on receipt of cash, at the rate of \$5.25 per vol., freight at expense of purchaser. Volume XIII. ready January 1, 1870.

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MME. P. GRAVIER, of the Royal Academy of Paris, will resume her classes at her new Hall, on Oct. 14th.

Class for Misses and Masters, every Wednesday and Saturday, from 3 to 5 o'clock P.M.

Classes for Ladies and Gentlemen, every Monday and Thursday, and Wednesday and Saturday, from 8 to 10 o'clock P.M.

All conversation, during the Dancing Lessons, will be in French, if desired.

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Reasonable Prices.  
Also Full Stock Men's Furnishing Goods, at Wholesale  
Prices.

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AMIDON NEW YORK HAT.

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also, the finest and largest assortment of imported

*Canes, Natural Sticks, Silk Umbrellas, Soft Hats, Cloth Hats, Gloves, &c.*

JACKSON & CO.,

ALBION BUILDING,  
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HOWARD & BROWN

Are happy to announce to the students of the University that they have *entirely refitted* HADDOW's former

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And are ready to wait on any and all who will favor them with their patronage.

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S. KLOUS & CO.,

205, Washington Street, Boston.

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The Saloon has been newly refitted, painted, and decorated; and particular pains have been taken to engage none but the most skilful assistants in the business. The strictest cleanliness will be observed throughout, so as to make it a place in every way worthy the patronage of gentlemen.

Thanking the public for their patronage, I hope, by always studying the wishes of visitors to my saloons, to merit in future a continuance of their favor.

LOUIS P. OBER.

Boston, Aug. 28, 1869.

PHELAN

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## J. H. HUBBARD. — HIS COLUMN.

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At night, when Freshman lays awake,  
And stones and bricks his windows break,  
He thinks, as a rock nearly takes his head off,  
This must be the *rain* of *terra* I've read of.

Why do widows and orphans still complain? Did we not have a Peace Jubilee for their benefit?

In days when consistency to beauty is added,  
Why must *English* blondes have their limbs *paddied*?

Women having acquired the right of suffrage will next insist on the right to light matches and ride horseback as men do!

Grant's celebrated speech was incorrectly reported. It was a double-headed classical joke, — "Let us have *pace*," — thereby killing two birds at one shot.

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Dec. 17

# THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. VIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 25, 1869.

No. VI.

## IN A BOOK OF POEMS.

ROUND me I see all the presents  
That fond care and wealth can bring:  
What have I to swell the number?  
What shall be my offering?

All my love thou hast already,  
What I give can only be  
But the earnest of a tribute  
Lasting through eternity.

"Let the artist bring his picture,  
Not some trifle that he buys,  
And the poet his glowing stanzas,"  
Emerson with fervor cries.

But, since many an imperfection  
Mars this stammering verse of mine,  
Another's poem can bear the highest  
Thoughts from my soul into thine.

*Simpson 71*

OCCASIONAL.

## HAUNTED BY A FRESHMAN.

### A TALE OF THANKSGIVING.

WHEN I was a Sophomore, years ago, I used to go around hazing, as all Sophomores do and none ought to. One night (how well I remember it!), early in the term, half a dozen of us tackled a good-sized, good-looking Freshman, and after a struggle had him snugly in bed at 8 P.M. As we covered him over and tucked him carefully in, he fixed his eye on mine and said, "You'll regret this." I felt a presentiment of evil and turned to go, as I did so accidentally overturning with my elbow a pitcher of water which happened to be over the bed at the time, I know not how.

From that day forward an evil spirit seemed to have entered into that Freshman, so persist-

ently did he annoy me. As he stood on the steps of a building one day, I dropped a pail of water on him from the fourth story. He darted in at the same moment that an unoffending proctor walked out and received the whole charge down the back of his neck. Result: a public, and special probation for the rest of the year. It was ever thus. Did I attempt to take a skyscraper from a friend's bat on Jarvis, the Freshman was sure to start up as if out of the ground, and take it out of my hands. If I had set my heart on five minutes on the parallel bars or the horizontal bar at Gymnasium, there was the Freshman with a troop of his friends, roosting on those pieces of apparatus like a squad of young and lively monkeys. I was short of money one evening, and modestly turned to the "Harvard Parquet" at Selwyn's. There was my Freshman perched in my favorite seat on the right of the middle step, with his friends all around him; and I had my choice of standing up behind, or going to the other set of steps by the Essex-street door, where that beastly draft comes in so cold on the calves of a fellow's legs. I never could stand that myself.

But at last Thanksgiving came, and I congratulated myself as I whirled away in the afternoon express, past the pleasant towns and brown fields with here and there a patch of snow, that for a week I should not look upon that Freshman's face. Alas! Vain hope!

Our Thanksgiving dinner that year was given by an uncle and aunt of mine, with no children of their own, and considerable worldly wealth; therefore of special interest to me, who had always stood high in their estimation. The party assembled was very large, and having discovered a second cousin, unknown before, as she lived at a distance, and not devoid of persona

## J. H. HUBBARD.—His COLUMN.

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VOL. VIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 25, 1869.

No. VI.

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attraction,—oh, no! by no means,—I devoted myself to her, and was getting into her good graces fast, when two fresh arrivals entered,—a Senior cousin and a friend. I heard a pleasant voice say, “Yes, thank you, very pleasant. We came by the 8.30 yesterday.” Horror of horrors! The Senior’s friend was my Freshman *Nemesis*. With my back to him, I strove to forget him. Imagine my wrath, when he gradually worked his way up to my fair companion, and entered into conversation with her, at the same time giving me a slight nod, not unconnected with a cheeky wink. (I said before that he was bigger than I was, didn’t I?) They had met at a Yale Spoon Festival. I had never been to one, so the Freshman had it all his own way, and I retired. But I stood near them afterwards, and it didn’t seem as if they were talking about the Yale Spoon then. Indeed, they seemed to be having a private spoon festival of their own. I think things of that kind are in decidedly bad taste in a large company, especially as early in the day as 3 P.M.

I determined, however, not to give up yet; and, when dinner was announced, was making my way towards the fair Agnes (her name was Agnes), when I was intercepted by my aunt, who said, “Won’t you take your Cousin Lottie down to dinner? She is all alone.” Now I always had an aversion to this cousin, as I considered her a pretty bad lot. But what could I do? I had to sit for all those weary hours by my cousin (only a third cousin she was), who was very slow, never read poetry, didn’t skate, and had never been to Class Day; and four seats off were the Freshman—hang him!—and Agnes. So it went on. As I was a near relative, I was helped almost the last to turkey. “What will you have, Fred?” said my uncle. “A second joint, if there is one,” said I. “Very sorry, but the last one has gone to Mr. Howard. Will you take a drumstick?” The Freshman’s name was Howard, as I should have said before; and I hate drumsticks. Could any thing have been worse?

Once I overheard Agnes say, “What are you thinking of, Mr. Howard?” He replied, “Of you, of course,” with an infernally spoony expression of countenance. Now this was said in

a low tone, but just then there was a general lull in the conversation, and every one heard it. Wasn’t there a roar, and didn’t I enjoy it? Perhaps not.

After dinner and the subsequent digestive stroll, we had some singing. Thought I, “Now my young friend, I’ll have you!” for had I not sung in the college choir two months? So I sang several college songs, “Lauriger Horatius,” “Maid of Athens,” “The Old Farmer in Georgia,” &c., with great *éclat*, or, as my Cousin Lottie pronounced it, *eclaw*. Imagine my discomfiture when the Freshman said, “I concocted at dinner a little song *à propos* of the turkey, which would be sung more appropriately in a college room; but I will sing it now, if it is agreeable.” Of course everybody was agreeable; and he sat down to the piano, and sung the following absurd thing, which explained his long silence at dinner, and showed the falsity of his remark to Agnes. I didn’t think much of it myself, but every one else seemed to.

Fizz, fizz, fizz,

You wretched soft coal in the grate!  
I would that my tongue could praise  
That fowl as he lay on my plate.

Oh well for the Freshman meek,  
As he cowers in fear and dread!  
Oh well for the Sophs with the water  
All ready to throw on his head!

And the stately Senior goes  
To his squirt, or, more likely, dead.  
But oh for that turkey of one week back,  
And his cranberry-sauce and bread!

Fizz, fizz, fizz,

You soft coal, wretched and poor!  
But a turkey as tender as that last week  
Will never lift drumstick more.

As for believing that he did that just at dinner, I don’t; but the rest thought it was a big thing. I thought that absurd old uncle of mine would burst with laughter when he heard it. I don’t see any thing so funny in it.

Then we had some charades, Freshman and Agnes of course in the first. I won’t describe them, for it would take too long; but I don’t think it was just the thing for him to take advan-

tage of his part, which was as Miss Agnes' lover, and kiss her as he did in the last scene; and she even seemed to like it! I got one point on him, though. It was a bright, clear moonlight, and I proposed to Miss Agnes to walk home, as where she was staying was only a little way from my uncle's, which she accepted; but she didn't talk much, and I thought she was rather still. And why? Because Freshman walked home with the young lady she was staying with; and as I went off round the corner, I saw him on the steps talking to Agnes, while the other one had gone in. They may have talked all night for all I know.

The next night another uncle gave a little party, with the same people as the day before. I thought I was going to have a good time. When I got there, Freshie hadn't come, but Agnes had; so in went I and engaged her for all the round dances, which I thought a rather neat stroke of policy. But as I "came up smiling" for my third waltz, there was Freshie snugly ensconced beside her; and she looked up at me and said plaintively, "I turned my foot on these odious high-heeled boots in the last Lancers, and I can't dance any more." Well, what could I do? She had turned her foot, and the Freshman had turned her head, so I turned around and fled to "fresh fields and pastures new" which hadn't turned their feet. If you think she didn't tell a good-sized whopper though, I don't agree with you. Perhaps you will say that it was her lame foot which made her lean so heavy on Freshie's arm as they walked across the hall to the conservatory. I don't think so.

I had consoled myself pretty well by dancing three lovely waltzes with a rather pretty friend of my Cousin Julia's, who wasn't at the Thanksgiving dinner, and we were cooling off in the conservatory, when I heard from the other side of a large orange-tree, where I remembered there were two camp-chairs, a sound decidedly resembling a kiss. The young lady with me was so shocked I had to hold her up for full three minutes. I kept my eye on the conservatory the rest of the evening, and the only people that came out were Freshie and Agnes. I thought her cheeks were rather red. The heat of the

room? Very likely. I said something to Freshie about that sound afterwards when we were putting on our overcoats, and he had the consummate impudence to tell me that it was all a mistake, and must have been the sound of Agnes drinking a glass of water. Very well. But if I don't know a kiss from a glass of water, why, hang me! I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing Freshie lose his hat in a gust of wind when he was handing Agnes to her carriage. But what is the loss of a rival's hat to an aching heart?

The Freshman left next day to spend a day at a relative's before going to Cambridge. But Agnes went the same afternoon to stay for a few weeks in another suburban town near Boston. My Cousin Mary went with her, and, good cousin as she is, said she would let me know if they came to Boston shopping any day.

A few days after vacation, I got a note from Mary that they were coming to Boston next Monday to shop, and it was not unlikely they should dine at Parker's at one. At a few minutes past one I was at Parker's, having cut two recitations. (I had three running the last three hours of Monday morning.) I walked jubilantly to the door of the ladies' room in my swellest of raiment, and looked in. There is Mary, to be sure, at a round table, and Agnes, looking awfully pretty; but who is that nice-looking fellow in a dark brown body coat and handsome trousers? His head is turned the other way, but I catch a glimpse of a blue Lord Stanley scarf with an elegant pin in it. Now he turns his head. Heavens! It is that FRESHMAN!

## THE OTHER CLASSES.

I REMEMBER reading in the *Advocate*, during my Freshman year, a complaint by some upper-class man, that he could never induce his Freshman friends to come to his room or remain on terms of intimacy with him. I, in my innocence, wondered how such things could be. "Catch me neglecting a chance to know a Senior!" said I to myself. But chances came, and I did neglect them, without knowing why I did so, until now,

having become an upper-class man myself, I am beginning to find out. The fact is, our classes are so large, that one finds on his own level all the sympathy he needs, without looking above or below himself. I like to see this class-feeling, for men will swing around some centre; and it is vastly better that it should be the class than some society into which a man is electioneered as soon as he enters college, and to which he is then bound.

Still, it seems to me that we do not see enough of the men outside our own class; and I often wish there were some means of getting at the abilities of those who are below us. We have no reading-room, no great open societies for all classes, no public performances except by Juniors and Seniors. So we are kept in entire ignorance of what is the calibre of those who are coming close behind us; and when our society elections come, what is the result? Why, deliberations protracted till morning, blackballing of the best men, and endless quarrels. A candidate who is the friend of one set is unknown to another, and so the election becomes a mere matter of personal rivalry, without that weighing of abilities which can come only from a comparison of the candidates.

I am very glad to see that one part of the Sophomores have taken a step in the right direction, by throwing open their society meetings to all visitors. The other side of the house would find it for their own good to follow so excellent an example. Why cannot we of the upper classes let down our dignity, occasionally, so far as to make ourselves well acquainted with a Freshman or Sophomore; so that, when the time comes, we may know whom we are considering, and not vote from mere hearsay? I think we may safely venture it without fear of contamination, and the result would be worth the trouble. A word for the Freshmen, too: If you want to get good positions in your class, don't be afraid to accept a Senior's invitation, and to show him whatever good there is in you. It will pay well in the long-run.

BENEVOLENS.

AT Yale those who do not spend their three days' thanksgiving at home have to recite as usual.

## THE TALLS AND THE SHORTS.

WE have no doubt that Saul was looked up to a great deal more because "from his head and shoulders upward he was higher than any of the people." How much more kingly he was too, if every inch a king. In the first place, then, we assert that a Tall wears royal honors more seemly than a Short. It was a long time before the big heart and big head of "the Little Corporal" could overcome the prejudices of the stalwart Grenadiers, who at first regarded him as a "Puss in Boots."

There is no denying that a stately presence even in our country — where "the mind's the standard of the man," if it is anywhere — is worth a good deal to a public man. That shrewd and sensible old fellow, the People, will sooner trust a tall, broad-shouldered man, be he ever so awkward, than a nervous, short little fellow with sharp eyes. The People seems to have more faith in a Tall: it thinks it has more hold on him.

If we glance at our public men, living and dead, observation seems in some degree to justify the apparent popular instinct. I need not mention Mr. Lincoln, who was trusted with more than a republic often dares intrust to a man.

Douglas and Raymond, both Shorts, neither deserved nor received the unreserved allegiance of their parties. The friends of Talls can look with pride on the noble Abolitionists, Phillips, Sumner, Wilson, and the rest, whose motives no one can impugn, however much they frown upon their method. And yet perhaps I should make a reservation; two Talls are in some respects betraying their brotherhood, — I mean Chief-Justice Chase and Wendell Phillips. However, to err is but human; and their errors only prove the rule, that a *bona-fide* Tall lets all the ends he aims at be his country's, his God's, and truth's.

The only thing which rivals a tall figure is a large stomach. In some branches of the government this is absolutely required in the officeholder. The Justices in the Supreme Court are described as "grave-looking men with large stomachs." Mr. Chase, being tall as well as portly, is Chief Justice. In the Senate, those

Senators who are both tall and large-stomached are Chairmen of Committees. I am sure that Woman's Suffrage will do away with this popular prejudice. A tall, well-proportioned man will be the ladies' man.

The "Knights of the Quill" are usually Shorts. For this reason aggrieved individuals are always spoiling for fights with editors. I was disappointed to learn that Byron was only five feet eight inches high, and weighed two hundred and seven pounds when he was eighteen years old. A large stomach must be a great drawback to a flight into the realms of poetic fancy. I was also surprised to hear that Horace (not H. G.) was a short, dumpy man, who very probably had a red nose. We who live in Cambridge can more readily believe this of that poet, since our own gifted bards, Lowell and Longfellow, are Shorts. Little Mr. Pope, from Twickenham, was another literary Short. His friends called him "the little nightingale;" some of his enemies called him "a little ass."

The Tall in College, and out of College, is differently estimated. The only advantage in being tall while in College is, that a Tall is asked to lead processions, and is expected to be more manly and recite better in his Freshman year. This latter is the expectation of the tutors. A tall Freshman is hailed by the Sophs as a source of untold delight. We had a friend who was a tall Freshman. The number of times that poor Tall wished for "traps," or other means of escape, is unutterable. The Sophs singled him out in crowds just as strangers single out church-steeple in a city. He was told he would make "a good oar," "telegraph-wire," "flag-staff," &c., &c. We remember he was requested mildly, but firmly, by a Sophomore of rather imposing mien, "not to be sticking your nose into my window" (which window was in the second story).

But to speak of Talls who are neither rulers, authors, or students. Longitude is of great advantage to an aspirant for honors in the Police Corps, or Horse Railroad Department. Who ever saw a short Policeman that seemed at home? Who doubts that the Tall-Horse-Car-Conductor gets extra pay for his trip on the last car Satur-

day nights? For the Talls, we can say you are of the ideal size. The sculptors take you for models. God's angels are Talls; the Devil's imps and James Fiske, Jr., are Shorts. For the Shorts we can only say that, according to philosophy, if not according to the practice of real life,

"The mind's the standard of the man."

*Beaumont* \*\*\*

### ICONOCLASM.

THE division-of-labor principle in literature, however much it may lighten the drudgery of the profession, at least makes the road to distinction more difficult. Ambitious authors have to be bolder, as a consequence. They must explore new fields, or prove the error of old discoveries. Nothing to them is sacred, since fame must be achieved at all hazards. Our saints must become sinners, our noble nations mean ones, our statesmen sharpers, because of private documents forgotten in some by-places.

In nothing is this mania shown more than in the literature of this century. Arnold finds some one to palliate his crimes, Burr an apologist, and Mr. Froude "rehabilitates" the virgin queen.

De Foe, having rested for a while in peace, reappears as an informer, spy, turncoat, and every thing else that is vile, in the life of him recently published. Scarcely are we contentedly allowing Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots to change places, when Mr. Octave De Lepierre\* appears as another iconoclast. No common knight-errant is he. He spares neither age nor sex. Whether the idol be set up in Italy or in France, down must it come.

The Colossus of Rhodes we thought could withstand any ordinary attack, but he must succumb to this. We find it was only an exaggeration, not near as high, nor as ponderous, as report saith, nor even able to "bestride" the harbor of Rhodes.

Belisarius, blind, with his son on his shoulder, and the well-known *date obolum*, &c., had, we thought, become historical. He, too, must give

\* *Historical Difficulties and Contested Events.*



way, a case of mistaken identity. The Alexandrian Library also was a fraud, our author discovers. There were not so many books as reported, or all were not equally valuable (a trick of libraries) and well bound. So these sly Alexandrians "in the catalogue" put them down for books.

How many ardent anti-Catholics have delighted over Pope Joan! Cease, ye bigots: another error,—yes, worse, a libel. Where now are your gibes?

Nor shall lovers indulge in delusions longer. Too long have Abelard and Eloise deluded the world. Their tomb is a sell, their correspondence a pious fraud in rather loose Latin, which has even deceived the usually careful M. Guizot into writing sentimental eulogies on the lovers.

Even Petrarch's Laura is either a nonentity or a little maid in her teens.

Patriotism must suffer. The hero Tell becomes a myth, a sort of Flying Dutchman, or Wandering Jew, or Peter Rugg, common to the world.

Fulton, Savary, De Pepin, are justly enough hustled from their stools for pretending to have discovered steam; but even crazy Salomon de Caus (1615), whom we all had agreed to allow to retain that honor, must abdicate in favor of those Spaniards or Portuguese, it matters little which, who sailed their steamer in 1543.

Do we take enough interest in our idols to preserve them from this iconoclasm?

These German brains must have some material to work upon, some disputed point to solve. Shall they be allowed quietly to rob us of all our cherished legends? Dr. Whateley has already proved Napoleon to be a myth; another author, in similar vein, proves that there was no battle of Bunker Hill; soon, perhaps sooner than we imagine, Washington and Franklin will appear in new characters; Jackson as a saint, Andrew Johnson as an angel of light.

As we think of the infants now in their cradles, and of what they will be deprived, we are filled with genuine grief. No Jack the Giant-killer, or ditto of the Bean-stalk, for them; no Robin Hood and Friar of Copmanhurst, no Maelstrom to point the moral of their Sunday-school stories. In-

stead, the wooden horse shall be a hoax; Homer a myth, and the Grimm brothers only weak imitators of the ancients in drawing the long bow.

*Green 70*

## COLLEGE MORALS.

THE notion is pretty wide spread among ill-informed people, — and, I am sorry to say, among many who ought to know better, — that morality at college is rather a myth, and that any young man who comes to a university is immediately launched into a perfect sea of temptations, without a single restraining influence to guide him safely through them. This idea undoubtedly acts in many cases as a strong reason against sending boys to college, and hence is certainly unfortunate; and it would be interesting to find how much foundation it has in truth.

Students certainly have a peculiar code of morals, or, as some sour disciplinarian would say, of immorals, which would hardly bear a searching criticism for consistency. For instance, the one sin which students generally single out for special condemnation is hypocrisy. As long as a man's practice is up to his professions, he is regarded with a certain amount of esteem, no matter how low these latter may be; but let him once be suspected of cant, of trying to appear better than he actually is, and he finds but little sympathy among collegians. Yet, with all this hatred of hypocrisy, it would be hard to find a more accomplished hypocrite than this same student, when he pulls a long face, and pleads that severe headache as a reason to be excused from recitation. I suspect the key to the inconsistency in this case is that notion of a natural warfare between teacher and pupil which holds no less now at Harvard than at Rugby in Tom Brown's day.

But what gives most strongly to outsiders the idea of the inherent wickedness of universities is the playful disregard of other people's rights, whether in regard to property or peace of mind, which our students, and notably our Freshman and Sophomore Classes, exhibit. Exaggerated reports of their "rows," or "times," get abroad, and serve to confirm the erroneous opinion that

there is more drinking and open immorality at college than among young men outside. Now it is very true, as is so often urged in behalf of the college, that almost all the disgraceful "rows" which hurt our reputation so much are the work of a very few men; and yet we must confess that there is an undercurrent of public opinion among us students, which, while it may disapprove of particular acts, if they are specially flagrant, does not consider the principle so much out of the way, — I allude to the feeling that, no matter what a fellow may do "in fun," it isn't very bad, and he shouldn't be blamed for it. This feeling, I am convinced, connected with that love of defying all law and order, which is one of the chief moving influences in all boys, — these feelings are the true reason that "ragging signs" is a popular amusement among men who in most things are the soul of honor.

I think that the chief determining causes of the peculiar sins of college life which shock many good people so much will be found to strike no deeper than the few ideas that I have mentioned above, combined, to be sure, with that strong desire — common to all youth — of showing one's freedom, when let loose from restraint, by the most extravagant antics. As for absolute vice, which we sometimes hear cried up as the great evil of college, as far as I have been able to see, it exists to a much less extent among students than among the clerks and other young men who are crowded together in our large cities.

#### "THAT IS SUFFICIENT!"

THESE three words have a peculiar significance to all members of our little college sphere, — to him who delves and digs, as well as to him who despises delving and digging. The different intonations of the voice with which these three words may be uttered constitute a reliable thermometer for the student, whereby he may readily ascertain the merit of his recitation according to the professor's judgment. One peculiar inflection is a sign of the sinking of the mercury in the thermometer, and marks the cold "winter of discontent;" another signifies a rise of the

fluid, and a consequent change to "glorious summer;" while all the various intermediate inflections denote different unmistakable gradations of marks.

There is the sharp, decisive intonation, indicative of indignation; there is the slow, very articulate pronunciation, accompanied by a half-sigh, signifying deprecation; there is the careless tone, implying merely mediocrity of recitation; there is the encouraging, kind inflection, suggestive of satisfaction; and, lastly, there is the pleased, smiling tone, often accompanied by a slight bow, denoting entire gratification; and each manner of pronunciation is a sure sign of what that little figure is which goes down on the class-lists on the professor's desk. The first means an undeniable zero, a nothing; the second, a miserable two, perhaps; the third, a four or a five; the fourth, a decent six; and the last, a good, round eight, such as every student, high or low, takes pride in obtaining, even though they come as thick as summer hail, or as rare as angels' visits. The most hardened and inveterate "deader" obtains a high degree of satisfaction in making one good — good, not in a relative, but in an absolute sense — recitation per annum, and is sure to vaunt it as a conclusive proof of what might be if he only chose to study.

Different modes of ejaculating these three decisive words accompany the various inflections and modulations. There is the curt, clipped "S'ficient;" the long-drawn, perfectly articulate "That — is — sufficient!" the strongly accented "*That*," the single "sufficient;" and, besides, there is the slight inclination of the head, which supplies the place of their utterance.

They are words highly fraught with meaning, words of high portent, words which may cause despondency or complacency, words which may inspire muttered imprecation or silent blessing, words highly worthy of a small space in the chronicle of the Cambridge student.

MR. J. M. PEIRCE will lecture on the Mathematical Theory of Navigation, to any members of the University who may wish to attend, on Wednesdays, at 11, A.M., at U. 19, beginning 1 December.

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## OVER THE WAY.

WHY do I live up four long flights of stairs?

It seems rather curious, now, don't it, to you?

Well, I'll tell you the cause of this state of affairs:

The window there gives me a beautiful view, —

Not the view of the chimneys, and cats on the roofs;

That's a prospect, I own, that is not at all gay, —

It's the face of my neighbor, my exquisite neighbor,

My sweet little neighbor, just over the way.

Through the opposite window, where green vines you see,

She lives, and she sings there from morning to night;  
Very often I watch her there, looking at me,

As I smoke my old pipe with a dreamy delight.  
At all times her bright smile lightens up the dark house tops;

I see her, old boy, at all hours through the day:  
Ever smiling and happy and blithe is my neighbor,  
My sweet little neighbor, just over the way.

Do I know her? Of course not: the charm would be broken

If I knew how she talked and what was her name;  
Whereas now, although with her I never have spoken,

Nor know where she'll go, nor whither she came,  
I can smoke and imagine all sorts of romances,  
As she flits past her window, the dear little fay!  
So I puff wreaths of smoke, and glance o'er at my neighbor,

My dear little neighbor, just over the way.

## GRUMBLERS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I am troubled with that most insufferable of bores, a grumbler. Worse than that, the grumbler is my chum. I give you below a specimen of our conversations, that you may realize from what I am seeking relief. Can you give me any hint of a cure, or even alleviation, of the complaint?

This particular bit of grumbling happened the other night, when we had just returned from vacation. He began with a tirade against having a rich Thanksgiving dinner to put one's stomach out of order after three months of commons, and then went on with, —

"They say they're going to abolish open fires in the new dormitory;" and he threw himself on our lounge before the grate, where the soft coal was sputtering and singing most merrily.

"How on earth will they heat the shanty then?" said I.

"Oh! by steam I suppose," he replied. "Hang the man who invented steam."

"' Illi robur et æs triplex  
Circa pectus erat,'"

said I, laughing at him; but my chum, though a social being, is irascible, and when he broaches

one of his pet topics of indignation, I have to stand aside and let the stream of his wrath pour on. "Fierce he broke forth," —

"If they aren't going to have open fires, I wouldn't give a rush for their rooms."

"Nobody has asked us to yet," I ventured gently to remark.

"And then," he continued, loftily ignoring my retort, "the whole thing is a nuisance. Just in our way as we go to prayers, and we have to leap over wall and ditch as if we were running a steeple-chase or playing at hare and hounds."

"Well, there is nothing like a little pleasing excitement now and then by way of variety."

"Humph!" said my chum, who was determined to grumble this evening. "They seem possessed to change every thing. There are prayers themselves. We have to stand up twice as long as we used to."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, roused by this last touch of conservatism. "You said yourself, the other day, that you liked the new style much better than listening to the wheezing of our old choir."

He winced; for, if the truth must be confessed, my chum had always been one of the most inveterate grumblers at the choir, one of those enthusiastic creatures whose ironical applause of our matin hymn used to afford such a pleasing variety to our morning worship. However, he said nothing, but took up a number of the *Advocate* which was lying on the table, and appeared deep in its contents. As I imagined though, he was only giving himself time to rally his forces; and he soon burst out with, —

"There's Glue now: he's gone too. You see they can't leave any thing unchanged."

I will own that I was a little taken aback to hear my chum so pensive over the departure of Glue. Could it be that —; but this is a delicate matter for the pages of the *Advocate*.

What I want to ask, Mr. Editor, is, How can a man get along with a chum like that? From Glue he went to Cocanut Johnny, and from him again, by an easy transition, to the new dress-coats with brass buttons, and so on *ad infinitum*. Now it may be entertaining to you to just take a sip of his style of conversation, but think of it

as a regular tippie. He says it relieves his feelings, but what can I say that it does to mine. A trouble shared, I suppose, is half destroyed; but what I don't like is that my chum don't share his troubles, — he gives me all of them. Hoping, then, that you will be able to suggest some relief for my hard case,

I am yours truly,

PATIENS — ET PASSUS.

[If our correspondent doesn't wish to be *passurus* also, he had better change his chum. — Ed.]

#### PROFESSOR SHALER'S FIELD LECTURES IN GEOLOGY.

THE rigor of winter will soon close the series of Saturday excursions, under care of Professor N. S. Shaler, to points of geological interest in the neighborhood of Cambridge and Boston. Among the many pleasant features of these excursions are several which we wish to notice. In the first place, Nature, not unkind, has crowned our autumn days with a clear atmosphere, making visible many a fine landscape; while a bracing air has made the hours of walking, hours of delicious bodily pleasure.

The slate quarry at Winter Hill, Somerville, the moraines which form the group of hills near Charlestown, the granite quarries at Quincy, the beach and rocks at Nahant, and the pudding-stone formations at Roxbury, have, in turn, been Professor Shaler's destinations. He remarks, besides, every interesting rock or formation by the way. Nearer points are reached by a walk from the Museum; the farther, from the railroad station nearest them.

These walks are not the staid and stiff marches which their name, "Field Lectures in Geology," might lead one to suppose. They combine the satisfaction of a walk with a purpose and the pleasure of a ramble. With the facts under his eyes, Professor Shaler gives a brief yet clear and

comprehensive sketch of the theory which accounts for them. Beside the acquisition of geological knowledge, the eye receives a practical education by being taught to distinguish rocks near akin or formations nearly similar. An education of the taste, too, is going on, which, we cannot help thinking, was foreseen by the projector of the excursions. Professor Shaler has a keen appreciation of the beautiful and of the picturesque, and often rewards a long climb by a goodly prospect, or a break-neck descent by a view up a picturesque ravine.

The walks are not without their fun. Occasionally, when the party has almost crossed his land, some groundless fear lest the excursion may become an incursion, seizes a farmer, who then scolds away at the rear for the supposed sins of the front and centre; or the chaffing of some gay soul heats the wrath of a worthy housewife to the pitch of threatening hot water. On the return from Roxbury, the successful attempt of a boating-man to outstrip the horse-car carrying the weaker-limbed set all Tremont Street agog. Perhaps the funniest incident of all was an effort to resuscitate a shark cast away on the beach at Nahant. Clutching the gasping shark by the tail, our humane friend dragged it seaward until the waves broke above his knees. But in vain: the shark was too far gone. Then an enthusiastic naturalist waded out, and did, as Professor Shaler said, the next best thing, by cutting off its head, with intent to preserve the skull.

To many, Professor Shaler's conversation is one of the greatest charms of the excursions. Eager questioners and listeners are always about him. His own genial wish was, that he might, for their pleasure, multiply himself sevenfold. The cry, "Let us get near Shaler," rarely fails to bring the lagging rear to the front.

The Saturdays of October and November will linger in the memories of many in college as the most enjoyable days of two enjoyable months; and among the pleasures which the spring is to bring is the fulfilment of Professor Shaler's promise, that the excursions shall be resumed, and extended to points in Rhode Island and in the valley of the Connecticut River.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, AT SELWYN'S.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

No. 370 (*Orchestra Stalls*) who knows all about the mysteries of the theatre.

No. 371, an admirer of burlesque and the ballet.

No. 372, who is nothing if not critical.

No. 374, who is not familiar with the piece.

### ACT I.

*Enter gorgeous auxiliaries, Miss Mary Wells, Messrs. Robinson and Bascomb.*

No. 370. Those dresses were all made in Paris. Selwyn sent over the measures of his company and had them fitted.

No. 371. When does Morlacchi come in?

No. 370. Pretty soon. Ain't the scenery stunning?

No. 374. (*entering late*). Excuse me for troubling you; gentlemen, but what act is this?

No. 372. The first.

No. 374. Oh, thank you. I'm not familiar with the piece.

No. 371. Does Morlacchi dance the Cançan to-night?

No. 370. Oh, no! of course not. Selwyn wouldn't allow any thing so modern to be introduced into a Shakespearean piece.

(*At this moment, Mr. Robson, to No. 370's great discomfiture, gives the burlesque imitation of Edwin Forrest's walk, familiar to all visitors at theatres, minstrel-halls, concert-saloons, and bar-rooms, during the last thirty years. Roars of laughter from the audience.*)

No. 372. That is abominable.

No. 370. Most of the audience like it.

No. 372. "Though it make the unskilful laugh, it cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."

No. 371. There's Kitty Blanchard: now she will sing a medley.

No. 370. Oh, no! there is no medley in this piece.

No. 371. She always does sing a medley when she wears tights. I've seen her steadily for three years, and I know.

No. 370. I wish my friend, Miss Brown, could play Puck. She could do it better, I'm sure.

No. 374. Excuse me, gentlemen, but is Kitty Blanchard a boy or a girl in this play?

No. 372. She is a fairy.

No. 374. Ah, thank you. I couldn't tell from her dress, and I'm not familiar with the piece.

ACT II.

*Miss Mary Cary, as Titania, is discovered among a group of fairies.*

No. 370. Ah, I wish Miss Brown could have played Titania. Then you'd have seen acting.

No. 374. Excuse me, gentlemen, but what does Mary Cary have that long stick for?

No. 370. It's a wand. She's the fairy queen, you know.

No. 374. Ah, thank you. I didn't know what part she was taking off. In fact, I'm not familiar with the piece.

No. 372. So I see.

No. 371. There, Robson is singing just as he does in *Black-eyed Susan*. I wish he'd sing *Champagne Charlie*.

No. 372. Probably he will before the piece is taken off the boards, if he goes on as he has begun.

No. 371. There's Morlacchi! (*Applause.*)

No. 374. What does she act?

No. 370. She doesn't act: she dances.

No. 374. Oh, thank you. I'm not familiar with the piece.

No. 370. By the way, I know a good story about Morlacchi.

(*No. 370 here tells story about Morlacchi, commencing, "I know a fellow, who knows another fellow, who says," &c.*)

ACT III.

(*Miss Buchanan and Mrs. Hunter are reviling each other in Shakespearean verse, while Miss Kitty Blanchard flops around them.*)

No. 374. What makes Kitty Blanchard hop up and down so?

No. 370. Because she is a fairy.

No. 374. But I should think she would be in the way of the other ladies, —

No. 370. Yes; but she is supposed to be invisible.

No. 374. Invisible? It's very complicated, and I can't make any thing out of it, — I suppose because I'm not familiar with the piece.

(*No. 374 relapses into a state of imbecile confusion, and glares vaguely at Kitty Blanchard.*)

ACT IV.

(*Titania, Bottom, and fairies discovered.*)

No. 371. Ah, here are Robson and Mary Cary again.

No. 370. That fairy in pink is Miss Brown. See her look at me. Selwyn ought to bring her forward more, I think.

No. 371. Well, this is the most stupid burlesque I ever saw. The only pun that I remember to have heard is "*Lysander lied*," and that isn't very good.

No. 370. Why, this isn't a burlesque at all.

No. 371. I thought it was. There are rhymes in it, and a ballet, and a transformation scene, and Robson has sung, and Mary Cary has her hair down, and Kitty Blanchard wears tights, — I supposed, of course, it was a burlesque.

ACT V.

(*The lamentable comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. Mr. Robson introduces several gags, which make Mr. Thorne laugh and Mr. Robinson look disgusted.*)

No. 371. Now for the transformation scene.

No. 370. I should have liked it better if Miss Brown had a better part. That girl has great talent, — great talent.

No. 374. I should have liked it better if I had been more familiar with the piece.

No. 371. There, Kitty Blanchard and Mary Cary and the others have all gone off the stage when there was such a good chance for a walk around.

No. 372. Your taste in theatrical matters is low.

(*The audience here disperse, just as No. 371 begins to reply to this remark by quoting Mr. Richard Grant White's last Galaxy article on the beauties of burlesque.*)

BOOK NOTICES.

**DOTTY DIMPLE'S FLYAWAY.** By SOPHIE MAY. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This would prove very entertaining light reading for a child of six or seven, but there is such a delightful sameness both of character and incident about these novels in short-clothes that they are hardly entertaining works to review.

**HOW CHARLEY ROBERTS BECAME A MAN. HOW EVA ROBERTS GAINED HER EDUCATION.** Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The young people should most heartily thank this enterprising firm for the energy with which they continue to pour forth a stream of juveniles. The two whose names are given above belong to the class, of which so many have been written lately, describing the progress and success of "poor but honest" children in gaining a livelihood. They are written in an entertaining style, and the moral is obvious, for honesty is rewarded, theft goes to prison, and drunkenness either reforms or dies in *delirium tremens*. The interest of the story, too, is sufficient to make the moral palatable; and we may recommend these as good examples of the present type of juvenile books.

**THE YOUNG DETECTIVE.** By ROSA ABBOTT. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is, as might be judged from its title, rather a more exciting work than those noticed above. It bears

about the same relation to them, though in a less exaggerated way, that Miss Braddon's stories do to the general run of English novels. There is one effect of this present kind of children's literature which is to be regretted. It gives a distaste for the more sober reading of historical narratives and other books from which the boy or girl of from ten to fifteen could gain more solid advantage.

THE LAKE SHORE SERIES. By OLIVER OPTIC.

1. *Through by Daylight.* 2. *Lightning Express.*
3. *On Time.* 4. *Switch off.* Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is an interesting series of stories which appeared originally in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*. Each book is full of interest and is very instructive. The virtues of the young Christian hero are depicted in the usual happy vein of Mr. Adams. There is no doubt that the author is deservedly the most popular and successful writer of fiction for the young, and old heads will not fail to learn a thing or two by perusing his stories. They are always fresh and sparkling.

THE BOY FARMERS. By REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is the fourth volume of the favorite *Elm Island Series*. It depicts farm-life on the Island, and shows what true industry and application will accomplish.

VILLA EDEN. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

As we have before noticed at length the first part of this work, we have only to finish what we before said. It is very inartistic, and yet we think no one can read it without being improved by it. It has all the characteristic defects and excellences of its author, but one hardly knows whether to call it a treatise, or a romance. The combination weakens the effect of each of the parts. Sound added to sound, as we all know, does not always produce greater sound.

LIVING THOUGHTS. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a book of religious extracts, exquisitely published. The paper and typography are of the very best; and, as a compilation, too, the work merits high praise. In the first place, the selections are, most of them, new; and we are glad to see the names of Robertson and George Macdonald, as well as Edward Irving, Pusey, Charles Kingsley, and many other of our recent and living preachers. Then, too, the extracts are long enough to enable one to catch the full thought of the author, instead of having merely a few lines, from which, in many cases, one can only guess at his meaning.

THE SUNSET LAND; OR THE GREAT PACIFIC SLOPE.

By REV. JOHN TODD, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Among the books which are continually appearing in regard to our Western country, it is astonishing to find so few that give the kind of information that we want. This book of Dr. Todd's, however, gives a great deal of information in a readable sort of way; though he is apt to bring in a little too much rhetorical flourish, and occasionally we find a few clumsy sentences like this: "At first, nobody expected to stay in California only long enough to obtain gold." The book, however, is both entertaining and instructive, and is published in the neat and handsome style characteristic of the firm.

TO BE NOTICED IN OUR NEXT. — *Juventus Mundi*, received from Messrs. Little & Brown; and *Fair Harvard; a Story of American College Life*.

#### EXCHANGES AND COLLEGE NEWS.

BEFORE the *Trinity Tablet* ridiculed the *Campus* for bad Latin, wouldn't it have been as well to improve the expression "bonus nox"?

*Notre Dame Scholastic* is from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. It would seem to be the custom of the place to write very bad verses to every "New-comer in the Junior Department," and to spell ingenious (*sic*).

The exchanges teem with information. In the *College Courier*, from Monmouth, Ill., we see that Professor Lane has introduced the Continental pronunciation of Greek at Harvard.

We regret that the *Round Table*, which we used to read with lively satisfaction, has been corrupted by communication with the *New-York Citizen*. The independent style of plain speaking, which used to render the *Round Table* attractive, has been carried too far, and becomes, when overdone, more striking as a fault than it was formerly as a merit. We think it was the success of some denunciatory articles on the nude drama which first led the *Citizen* and *Round Table* to affect a moral superiority. Since then, having convinced themselves that they were the chosen advocates of all forms of propriety, they denounce all offenders in a wholesale manner. We think we understand what the *Citizen* means by "The Wild Woman;" if we do, she is as repulsive to us, as she can be to any one. But if the high tone which the *Citizen* would seem to claim were genuine, the community would have been spared some of those low articles in which "The Wild Woman" is served up *ad nauseam*, and which, though they are entertaining in a certain way, are neither calculated to improve their readers, nor to injure the cause of the class of persons they assail.

*Harpers'* for December has an illustrated article on the "University Rowing Match," whose authorship we guess at. It contains nothing new on the subject but a mild "rough" on the *Advocate*, and a picture of "George."

The *Polytechnic* from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, of Troy, contains a curious but interesting mixture of scientific, general, and college news.

# ATOMS.

ATOM wishes to report that he has been grievously sold by his friend *Molecule*; and this was how it was done:—

SCENE: *After dinner; A. and M. conversing amicably. Table, with wine, nuts, cigars.*

MOLECULE (*lighting a cigar and passing the sherry*). How strangely old fashions repeat themselves again and again! for instance, the knee-breeches of past years in the tight trousers of to-day and the costumes of the burlesque,—the hoops, corsets, and panniers of Queen Elizabeth's time in the present articles of the same kind.

ATOM (*meditatively breaking an almond, and blowing smoke through his nose*). Yes; and I suppose in time we shall return to the ancient ruff of the same period. By the way, do you imagine that, from the difficulty experienced in making those uncomfortable adornments stand out straight, arose the present common slang expression, "ruff luck"?

M. (*gruffly*). Very likely. How the fashions of hats return, too!

A. (*guilelessly falling into the trap*). Yes: the beaver, for instance, with the same bell-top and curly brim of Beau Brummel's time.

M. (*cautiously feeling his way*). But the beaver goes farther back than that, even to the time of King Henry.

A. (*helplessly, beginning to smell a rat, and chew a walnut savagely*). Pass the bottle, please. Explain your allusion to Henry.

M. (*complacently holding his glass to the light, with an occasional glance at the prostrate Atom*). Why, don't you remember those stirring lines in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," Act IV., Scene I., where Vernon says,—

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury?"

(Atom smokes in mournful silence. Molecule concocts his next sell with a smile of triumph.)

MR. EDWIN BOOTH, during his recent engagement, either through affectation or ignorance, pronounced the "ch" in "Petruchio" as "k." The Italian name, however, is "Petrucio," or "Petruccio," in which the "c" is pronounced as "ch" soft. Evidently Shakespeare wrote the name as he heard it pronounced. Bacon would have known better. This is a little piece of evidence against the Baconian theory, is it not?

WE learn from a stray number of the *Polytechnic*, a semi-student's paper published at Troy, that the amount of hazing at Harvard has been so great this year, that, if brought under the cognizance of the civil authorities, it would have lodged half the Sophomore Class in the county jail. It is peculiarly gratifying to note the accuracy of the reports which are thus charitably and disinterestedly disseminated in regard to our College.

THE present Sophomore Class is marked by extreme appreciation of the need of study, even in those branches usually neglected. One of them, in the recitation the other afternoon to Mr. Jennison, felt obliged to confess himself "not prepared," owing to his having had an examination that morning.

STANDING in the file at the Boston Theatre ticket-office, last Friday, an outsider came up and greeted a friend of his, who stood directly in front of us:—

"You're going in, aren't you?" asked he.

"I am," said the man in front of us.

"What does Maggie Mitchell play to-night?"

"Fanchon," said the man in front of us.

"Well, I thought she played Fanchon," said the outside man; "but when I came down there to the door, I saw Mat-tin-ny announced."

Qy. Did he mean "Matinée"?

MANY students were filled with eager interest at witnessing a protracted interview on University steps, the other day, between Professors Benjamin Pierce, Goodwin, Sophocles, and F. Coombs, the modern Franklin-Events of great importance in the worlds of Science and Literature are expected from this interview.

MESSRS. Sarony and Co. have taken most of the views around the College, and will take the rest in the spring. Most of those taken are very satisfactory. The pictures will be taken the first week in December, and due notice will be given when the Committee are prepared to arrange the sittings.

WE call the attention of our readers to the column of Messrs. Jackson & Co., Hatters. Their stock of goods is unequalled in quality, and their prices are well known to be low. They are well worthy of patronage.



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The poetical-advertisement writer is a miserable being. In fact, all poetically disposed persons are looked upon doubtfully by the practical ones of the world. In what a disadvantageous position, then, does one who wishes to obtain the ear of the public place himself by expressing himself in rhymes and lines beginning with capitals! It is a standing notice to the reader to

✂ SKIP THIS.

It is not every one, you know, like the C. O. D. man and the fortunate subscriber, whose columns are considered as regular reading matter in the publications which they patronize. Modesty is a rare virtue, so let us not attempt to be eccentric. I wonder when, in his regular course of business, the C. O. D. man indulges in a pleasant or spicy remark to a customer, if the customer in question shows his gratitude by advising him to put that in his next advertisement.

It is said that B. C. S., the dangerous confidence man and repudiator of College House, and Miss J. K., were respectively the hero and shero of the "Freshman's Romance." It is further averred that the story is a true statement of facts except in the boating part. The instruction given was in the use of the velocipede, in which S. is known to excel. (That one should live to see a soubrette on wheels!) . . . The Scientifics have made a new reading of *Lear*. Thus: How thankful than a turpentine's sooth it is to have a *sharpless* child! . . . Having enjoyed our Christmas presents, we must now console ourselves for the rest of the year with its *absence*. . . A suitable show-card for Christmas time: "Know all men by these presents that Christmas is coming!" . . . The *Advertiser* is actually indulging in levity at times. It goes more Merrill-y than it used to. . . College instructors should be sober men, but may not a tooter take a horn?

A word of advice to close. Be good people, strive to excel. Buy your

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